PERSIAN TALES

DESIGNED

FOR USE AND ENTERTAINMENT.

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HASAN'S *Return to* Bagdad, *the Reception he there met with, and other ſurprizing Incidents, which befel him,* ZELICA, CALE-CAIRI, *and* CHAPOUR.

The night we arrived in *Bagdad*, I took lodgings in my own houſe, and when we had recovered ourſelves from the fatigue of our journey, I ſearched out my acquaintance and friends. They were all ſurprized to ſee me. Are you alive, ſaid they? Your partners aſſured us you was dead. When I was informed that my jewellers were at *Bagdad*, I went to the grand viſier, and told him how I had been uſed. He ordered them both to be taken into cuſtody, and commanded me to examine them, in his preſence. Did not I awake, ſaid I, before you threw me overboard? They replied, I fell into the ſea in a dream. But ſirs, ſays the viſier, How came you not to know your partner at *Ormus*? They anſwered: We never ſaw him there. What

ſay you, replies the viſier, I have a certificate from the *Cady* of *Ormus* to prove the contrary. At the ſight of this, they trembled, and turned pale. Obſerving them change colour, he ſaid: Come, come, confeſs your guilt, that I may not be obliged to extort it from you by torture.

They confeſſed all, and were ſent to priſon, till the calif ſhould order what death they ſhould die; but they found means to corrupt the keeper, and made their eſcape. In the mean time all their goods were ſeized, and the calif took poſſeſſion of them, except a few which were given to me, for the damages which I had ſuſtained. After this I thought of nothing but living a happy life in retirement with my princeſs. We paſſed our days in comfort, and all my prayers to heaven were, that I might live in that manner all my life. Vain hopes! Can mankind be long here in a ſtate of happineſs? One evening I returned from a friendly entertainment; I knocked at my door for a conſiderable time, and nobody came to let me in. I waited a while, then knocked again; but not a ſlave was ſtirring. The neighbours hearing the noiſe, came out as much ſurprized as myſelf, and aſſiſt-

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ed me in breaking open the door. We went in, and found all my ſlaves with their throats cut in the entrance hall. We made forward to *Zelica*'s apartment, where we found *Chapour Cale-Cairi* breathleſs and weltering in their blood. Oh ſhocking ſpectacle! We ſearched all the houſe over for the princeſs, but could not find her. Unable to ſupport myſelf under theſe afflictions, I fainted. Happy me, if the angel of death had took me that inſtant.

When I recover'd my ſenſes by the help of my neighbours, I aſked if they heard a noiſe. They all anſwer'd, no; and were all aſtoniſhed at the ſight. I ran to the *Cady*, who ſent back with me the *Nayb* and his *Aſa's*; but their ſearch was alſo fruitleſs. I and many more were of opinion that my partners were the cruel authors of this barbarous action. Soon after I fell into a fit of deſpair, ſold my houſe, and retired to *Mouſel*, where I had a relation who was well acquainted with the king's grand viſier. He received me kindly, and in a little time introduced me to that miniſter, who, ſeeing my genius for buſineſs, helped me to an office, which I had the good fortune to diſcharge to his liking. I, by degrees, gained his confidence, and inſenſibly

came to have a ſhare in the government, which eaſed him in the adminiſtration of affairs.

Some years after that miniſter died and the king prejudiced in my favour, put me in his place, which I ſupplied for two years to the ſatisfaction of both prince and people: inſomuch as that monarch gave me the name of *Atalmule*. Not long after, ſome great lords of the court enter'd into a conſpiracy to ſeek my ruin. The better to accompliſh their deſign, they render'd me ſuſpected to the prince of *Mouſſel*, who demanded of his father to depoſe me. I left *Mouſſel*, and came to *Damaſcus*, where I ſoon had the honour to be recommended to your majeſty. The loſs of the princeſs *Zelica* makes me inſenſible of mirth, and is the cauſe of that profound ſorrow and melancholy with which I am always overwhelmed.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of King BEDREDDIN LOLO.

When the viſier had finiſhed his ſtory, the king ſaid, I am not ſuprized at your ſorrow; you have juſt grounds for it: but you are in an error

error to think, that among all mankind, there is not one perfectly contented. I am ſatisfied that prince *Seyfel Mulouk* my favourite, looks upon himſelf to be entirely happy. I cannot affirm, my lord, replied I that he really is ſo. Well, ſays the king, I will convince you preſently. He then order'd the captain of the guards to bring the prince thither. When he came, the king aſked whether he was contented with his condition? My lord, replies the favourite, tho' a ſtranger, I am reſpected in the city of *Damaſcus*; the nobles court me, and you love me; how then can I fail of being happy. But *Atalmule* maintains, that no man is truly happy. I tell him that you are ſo, ſays the prince. I am miſtaken, if any inward pain robs yon of the pleaſure which the favours I have beſtowed upon you create. Speak the truth. *Seyfel Mulouck* replied: Since your majeſty commands me, I muſt confeſs, that notwithſtandig all the pleaſure and grandeur with which I am ſurrounded, I have a thorn in my breaſt, which gives me continual uneaſineſs; and what adds to my affliction is, it can never be removed.

The king, a little ſurprized at his anſwer, and not doubting there was ſome lady in the caſe, order'd him to tell his ſtory.

The Hiſtory of Prince SEYFEL MULOUCK.

I am the ſon of *Aſem-Ben*, late ſultan of *Egypt*, and brother to the preſent reigning prince. In the 16th year of my age, I found the door of my father's treaſury open, went in, and looked at every thing which appeared to me a rarity. I was particularly delighted with a little cedar cheſt ſet with topazes, emeralds, pearls, and diamonds. In it was a golden key with which I opened the lock, and found a ring of wonderful workmanſhip, and a little gold box, in which was the picture of a woman.

The features were ſo regular, the eye ſo ſparkling, and the air ſo admirable, that I fell in love with it, and really thought it was the portrait of ſome living princeſs. I cloſed the box, and put it with the ring into my pocket. My confident was the ſon of a great lord at *Cairo*. He was ſomewhat older than me; and I told him my adventure. He inſiſted to ſee the picture; and

and taking it into his hand, after he had admired it for a few minutes, asked me for the box, which he narrowly inspected, and found on the inside the following words in *Arabic* characters: *Bedi al Jemal*, daughter of king *Chabbal*.

Transported with discovering the object of my love, I desired my confident, whose name was *Saed*, to go to all the cunning men in *Cairo* to find out king *Chabbal*; but no body could tell. I then determined to travel the world over, and never see *Egypt* again till I had seen *Bedi al Jemal*. The sultan my father agreed that I should go to the court of the *Calaf* of *Bagdad*. I went incog. taking with me only *Saed*, and a few trusty slaves. When we arrived at *Bagdad*, I viewed the curiosities, and enquired again where I might find the dominions of king *Chabbal*. There also I was disappointed, but told the same time, if it was a matter of importance, I need only go to *Basra*, where I should find a man 170 years old, called *Padmanaba*, who would satisfy my curiosity.

I soon quitted *Bagdad*, went to *Basra*, and found the old sage, who was still lively and vi-

gorous. My ſon, ſaid he, what ſervice can I do you? Father, anſwer'd I, I want to know where king *Chabbal* reigns. I have heard travellers ſpeak of him, ſays the old man, and I think, but cannot be poſitive, that he governs an Iſland near that of *Serendib*.

I returned him my thanks, and reſolved to proceed to *Serendib*. I embarked with *Saed* and my ſlaves on board a merchant ſhip bound for *Surat*. From *Surat* we went to *Goa*, where we heard of a veſſel bound to the iſle of *Serendib*. We again embarked and the wind being fair, we made a great deal of way the firſt day. The ſecond, a ſtorm aroſe, which laſted ſeveral days, and drove us at laſt to an iſland near the *Maldives*, where we caſt anchor. We were preparing to go on ſhore, when an old ſeaman told us, the iſle was inhabited by negroes who worſhipped a ſerpent, to whom they ſacrificed all ſtrangers that fell into their hands; and that we muſt, if poſſible gain the *Maldives*. The Captain, depending on his judgment, reſolved to weigh anchor the next morning, which was well concerted, had we not been diſcovered. But alas! in the middle of the night we were attacked by a vaſt number of negroes, who board-

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ed us, put us all in irons, and carried us to their habitation, which was a horde of negroes, conſiſting of numerous little cabbins made of wood and earth. In the middle of them ſtood on an eminence, a pavillion of the ſame materials, where we ſaw the king ſeated on a throne of cockle ſhells. He was black and of a gigantic form, looking like a devil more than a man. By him ſat his daughter, not unlike the fire in ſize or uglineſs.

When the chief of the negroes had given the king an account how and where he took us, he charged his viſier to conduct us to a tent by ourſelves, and order'd one of us to be ſacrificed every day. He ſent us ſtore of rice and proviſions to fatten us for the voracious deity. Two negroes fetched one of our company every morning to be devoured, till not one remained excepting *Saed* and me. While I was blaming my ſenſeleſs paſſion, and lamenting our unhappy fate, the negroes came, and, addreſſing themſelves to me, ſaid: Follow us. I trembled, and ſaid to *Saed*, Adieu for ever.

They led me to a vaſt tent, where I expectat to be ſocrificed; when a black woman came

to

to me, ſaying: Be of good courage young man, you will meet with a better fate than your companions: no more. The princeſs *Huſnara*, whoſe favourite ſlave I am, waits to tell you the reſt. This ſaid, the two negroes withdrew; and *Huſnara's* favourite taking my hand, led me to a little room, where her miſtreſs ſat alone on a ſofa, cover'd with the ſkins of wild beaſts. She was of an olive complexion, her eyes ſmall and lively; her mouth wide; her noſe flat; her lips thick; her hair frizled, ſhort, and blacker than ebony. On her head ſhe wore a plain bonnet of yellow ſtuff, with a ſcarlet facing or border, on which was a plume of feathers. Round her neck was a collar of the grains of *Talagaya*, yellow and blue. Her robe was long, made of tyger ſkins, which reached down to her toes. Come hither, ſaid ſhe, young man, ſit by me; I will comfort thee for falling into the hands of my father. I took a liking to thee at firſt ſight: I will ſave thy life, thou ſhalt be my lover, and I will prefer thee to the greateſt lords of the court. Tho' I abhorred to make her ſuch an anſwer as ſhe required, I was afraid of expoſing myſelf to her rage. When ſhe ſaw me in this confuſion, ſhe added: I am rather charmed thanoffended at

your

your ſilence and diſorder. It is a kind omen of, thy love, and a ſign of the tranſports of thy joy. She then gave me one of her hands to kiſs, as a prelude to greater pleaſure, wich ſhe kept in ſtore for me. In the mean time, two black ſlaves came and ſpread ſkins upon the floor, others brought plates of rice, and conſerves of honey. The princeſs bid me lie down and eat with her. I eat very little; which ſhe obſerving, ſaid: You have no ſtomach! You think every minute an hour; but I cannot raiſe you to the ſummit of happineſs till night. I am going to the king, to deſire him to ſave your's, and your companion's life, becauſe my favourite *Mihraſya* has a love for him.

Now ſhe roſe, and called for a veil; then bid me return to my friend, adding, I will ſend for you to ſupper, and we will be merry. A negroe was called to carry me bak to the tent, where I was received by *Saed* with joy inexpreſſible. Is it poſſible, my dear prince, ſaid he, that you are reſtored to me? Are you come to dry up thoſe rivers of tears which I have ſhed for you? When his extacy was over, I told him what had paſſed between the princeſs of the negroes

groes and me; he owned that there could be but little ſatisfaction in the poſſeſſion of ſuch a lover; but then, ſays he, life is a fine thing. It is a melancholy thought at your age to be made a ſacrifice to a ſerpent. Conſider this, my prince, and put a force upon inclination. Ah! *Saed*, replied I, and will you follow the advice you give me? I muſt tell you our preſent condition is alike. The princeſs's favourite ſlave has taken a liking to you, and has ſaved your life; will you give her what ſhe expects for this favour? Let the ſerpent devour me before I anſwer her careſſes .So *Saed*, ſaid I, you forget that life is a fine thing? Confeſs now, what a hard thing it is for the moſt impetuous youth to ſhew love to a woman whom he naturaly hates and deteſts. We agreed in our ſentiments, and reſolved to affront our miſtreſſes that they might have us put to death. This was the ſcheme we concerted, and really imagined that we ſhould not with impunity exaſperate two of the ugliеſt and crueleſt of the human ſpecies.

Nicht approaching, a negroe officer came to us, ſaying: Happy ſlaves, come along with me, and enjoy the greateſt happineſs. Two lovers wait

wait for you with impatience. We followed with grief and deſpair in our viſages. He introduced us to the princeſs *Huſnara*, who was lying at length on the ground at her table upon ſkins, with her favourite ſlave. Draw near, ſays the princeſs to me, and let thy friend place himſelf by *Mihrafya*. The ſlaves ſerved us with various diſhes, of which we were forced to eat. We drank plentifully alſo of a liquor made of corn in the ear.

My lady began to be very free with me, and the like freedom was ſhewn by the ſlave to *Saed*. We ſaid a thouſand offenſive things to them, which ſoon produced the deſired effect. They looked furiouſly upon us; and the princeſs cried; Ah ungrateful wretches! Is this your acknowledgment for my favours! What can you ſee in me to beget your averſion? Then turning to her ſlave, ſaid: Tell me without flattery, am I ugly or ill-ſhaped? *Mihrafya* replied: There is not a lady upon earth to be compared to you for ſhape or beauty. The young man muſt have loſt his ſenſes thus to neglect your charms. But why ſhould I wonder, when the other ſtranger likes me no better. You, replies the princeſs, are, I think, very amiable; but they

they are unworthy of life. Call ſome of the offi
cers, and let them deliver theſe two ſtrangers t
the *Pagod* we adore. In the inſtant they Wer
about to bind us, the princeſs cried out, a ſudde
death is too great a favour for theſe wretche
They ſhall both live in miſery. Carry them to th
Nub, and make them grind night and day. W
were accordingly conducted to a place on the bac
of the iſle, Where there were hand-mills, and ſe
to work; nor would they let us reſt a moment.

The negroes having one day left us a larg
quantity of corn, went away, ordering us to grin
it againſt their return. *Saed* ſaid: Now our ene
mies are gone, let us haſte to the Sea-ſide, perhap
we may find out ſome method to make our eſcap
from this fatal iſle. I was of the ſame mind
We ran to the ſea, which was not far off, and foun
a boat faſtened to a pole. We immediately go
in, untied it, and committed ourſelves to the mer
cy of the waves. We had ſcare handled the ors
before the negroe fiſherman, to whom the boa
belonged, made a hideous noiſe after us; but w
were ſoon out of his reach, and loſt ſight of th
iſland before it was dark.

Afte

After having ſailed all night at random, and without ſuſtenance, we, in the morning, ſaw a little iſland not far diſtant. We made thither, faſtened our boat to a ſtake, and went up into the iſle, where we found ſeveral trees loaded with fair fruit. When we had refreſhed ourſelves, we proceeded further, and I never ſaw a more agreeable place. It was full of aloetrees, and other fine wood, of ſprings and all ſorts of fruit and flowers. But what ſurprized me moſt was, that it appeared to be deſerted. I ſaid to *Saed*: How comes it to paſs, this pleaſant iſle is uninhabited? My dear prince, replied he, ſince we can find nobody, it is a ſign that nobody can reſide here; but he little thought that he was ſpeaking ſo much truth.

We ſpent the day in thankſgiving and walking about. At night we lay down upon the graſs, and ſlept ſweetly; but when I awoke, how great was my amazement to find myſelf alone. I ſought every where for *Saed*, waited all that evening, and the following night, in the place where we ſlept, but in vain. Ah my dear *Saed*, cried I, by what inchantment am I deprived of thee? I had better have died with thee than live here alone. At length, not being able to ſuſtain the loſs, I grew

deſperate, and reſolved to deſtroy myſelf. I wil
ſaid I, firſt go over the iſland, and find him ou
or die. I then went to a wood at ſome diſtanc
in the middle of which ſtood a caſtle, encompaſſe
with deep ditches full of water, but the draw
bridge down. I paſſed over, and enter'd into
large court paved with white marble, and advance
to the gate of a fine edifice built of aloe wood
exquiſitely wrought. On the gate was a braze
lock in the ſhape of a lion, with a brazen ke
affixed to it, hanging by a chain. I put it int
the key-hole, when to my great ſurprize, on turn
ing of it round, the lock broke into a thouſan
pieces, and the gate opened of itſelf. Within
found a ſtair-caſe of blak marble; which I aſcend
ed, and came into a large hall hung round wit
ſilk and gold tapeſtry, the ſofa's of brocade. Fro
hence I went into a chamber richly furniſhe
where I ſaw a young lady, whoſe beauty comman
ed my attention.

She lay on a large ſofa, with her head recline
on a cuſhion. She was magnificently dreſſed; an
near her ſtood a table of black jaſper. Her eye
were ſhut; and not knowing whether ſhe was a
ve, I went very ſoftly to her, and found ſhe breat

I wil . I fixed my eyes upon her, and wiſhed with-
m ou my heart ſhe would awake. She ſlept ſound,
iſtanc I quitted the caſtle, reſolving to return in a
npaſſe ort time. After I had tired myſelf with walk-
draw g among numerous wild beaſts, which ſeemed
into raid of me, I came back to the caſtle, reſolving
vance ſpeak to this lady, whoſe beauty had given
Woo e ſo much uneaſineſs. I found her in the ſame
braze ſture and ſtill aſleep. I coughed, ſhook her, and
en ke de a noiſe in the chamber, but ſhe did not ſtir.
it int here muſt be ſome enchantment, ſaid I. Some
n turn *aliſman* keeps this lady aſleep, as I cannot wa-
ouſan e her. Unable to effect it, in a fit of deſpair
Within reſolved to carry off the marble table, upon
aſcen hich, when I drew near, I obſerved certain ma-
d wit cal characters which I judged the cauſe of the
Fro dy's lethargy. I ſcarce touched it, before ſhe
niſhe hed vehemently, and awoke.

Ah ſir, ſaid ſhe, How got you into this caſtle! You are no man, you are certainly the prophet *Elias*! Madam, replied I, no one oppoſed my en-
ecline rance, the only difficulty I met with, was to awa-
ed; a e you. I am indeed ſomething more than a
er ey ommon man. My father was a king; but yet
was a am a man. I have more reaſon to believe that
breat

you are of a ſuperior ſpecies. No, replies ſhe I am alſo one of the daughters of *Adam*. Tell me why you left your father, and by what means you came into this iſland? I related to her of my falling in love with king *Chabbal*'s daughter, named *Bedi al Jemal*, by looking on her picture, which, with my ring, I had ſo well ſecured, that the negroes miſſed of them. She viewed the picture, and told me, that king *Chabbal* ruled in an iſle near *Serendib*, adding, I ceaſe to wonder at your paſſion: but princeſſes are often flattered by painters, Pray, ſir, continued ſhe, make an end of your ſtory. I did ſo, and then intreated her to tell me her's, to which ſhe conſented.

The Hiſtory of MALIKA.

I am, ſays ſhe, the only daughter of the king of *Serendib*, who has a palace near that city, where he often retires. One day I took a fancy to bathe myſelf in the garden. I went in with my favourite ſlave. On a ſudden there aroſe a ſtorm, and a cloud of duſt gathered over our heads, out of which deſcended a monſtrous bird, that took me up in his talons, and brought me hither; where

e reſuming his own ſhape, he appeared a young genie. Princeſs, ſaid he, I am one of the greatſt genies in the univerſe, and this day paſſing over the city of *Serendib*, I ſpied you bathing in garden; charmed with your beauty, I conveyed ou to this caſtle, where you ſhall want nothing hat heart can wiſh, if you will comply with my eſires.

At this his diſcourſe, I wept bitterly, and ried out: Ah, unhappy *Malika!* Was this to be hy deſtiny! Unhappy prince! My dear father! s this the reward of thy care, in bringing me p, to loſe me in ſo barbarous a manner? Thy rief will certainly occaſion thy death. No, no, eplies the genie; your father can bear misfornes much better than a fooliſh virgin. Crown y wiſhes, and be happy. Flatter not yourſelf, rejoined I, with ſuch vain hopes, I ſhall always ave an averſion for my raviſher. He ſmiled at hat i ſaid and imagining that with good uſage ſhould by degrees be molified, he ſpared no oſt or trouble to pleaſe me. He bought me mptuous clothing, furniſhed me with the moſt elicious diſhes and coſtly wines; but finding he very hour became to me more odious, in a fit

of deſpair, by the power of magic, he threw me into that profound ſleep, of which you are an eye-witneſs, and where I ſhould have remained for ever, had not you came to my deliverance. He made two more *Taliſmanns* to render the caſtle inviſible, and to prevent the gate being opened. He often comes to wake me, and aſks if I am ſenſible of his paſſion; but finding I treat him with diſdain, lays me aſleep again. And now my lord, have I not reaſon to doubt of your mortality? Nay I am aſtoniſhed that any ſon of *Adam* ſhould live and croſs this iſland, which no thing but beaſts of prey inhabit.

While the princeſs and I were talking, we heard a noiſe, and were ſuddenly frighted with hideous outcries. Oh heavens! ſaid ſhe, we are undone for ever! It is the genie. He entered the room in a rage, with an iron bar in his hand and in the form of a giant; but inſtead of doing me any harm, fell down at my feet: Son of the king, demand what you pleaſe, I obey. I was ſurprized; but he ſoon made me ſenſible that I had nothing to fear. The ring on your finger, added he, is the ſeal of *Solomon*, whoever is in poſſeſſion of it, cannot periſh by any accident

Wave

Waves and ſtorms cannot hurt him; wild beaſts cannot devour him. He is ſovereign over the genies, and all magic power gives way at his appearance.

What! replied I, and was it by virtue of this ring that I eſcaped ſhipwreck? Yes; my lord, replied he, and that you eſcaped being devoured by wild beaſts likewiſe. You ſaw many, but they ran from you. Do you know what became of your companion who ſlept by your ſide? He was eaten by the wild beaſts, and had it not been for that ring, you had ſhared the ſame fate. Tho' tears trickled down my cheeks on hearing the ſad end of *Saed*, my miſtreſs's image was ſo deeply imprinted on my mind, that I demanded of the genie to tell where king *Chahbal* reigned, and if the princeſs *Bedi al Jemal* was alive? He ſaid, that *Bedi al Jemal* was in ſome ſenſe the daughter of that prince; but that ſhe was one of king *Solomon*'s concubines. It mortified me much to hear that I had fixed my love upon a princeſs, who had been dead many centuries. All my comfort is, continued I, turning to the princeſs, that I can do you ſervice. I command you therefore this moment to tranſport this lady and

me to *Serendib*, and ſet us down at the gates o
that city. Thou deſerveſt further chaſtiſement fo
the rape of *Malika*; but do this and I forgiv
thee.

The genie made no anſwer, but took me an
the princeſs up in his arms, and inſtantly carrie
us to *Serendib*. He there aſked if I had any farth
er commands. I anſwered no, and he vaniſhed
We put in at the firſt caravanſerail, where w
conſulted, whether I ſhould myſelf go to th
king, or we ſhould write him advice of the prin
ceſs's arrival. We thought the firſt method wa
the beſt. Accordingly I repaired to the palace
which was built on fourteen marble pillars, t
which I aſcended by 300 ſteps of fine ſtone.
entered the firſt hall, and with ſome difficulty
gained an audience of the king, who aſked me,
what brought me hither, and of what country
I was? I replied: My lord, *Egypt* gave me birth,
but I have been three years abſent from my pa-
rents, and have undergone various misfortunes.
His majeſty being of a compaſſionate nature,
burſt into tears, ſaying: I am not much happier;
for I have loſt my only daughter, and in ſuch a
manner as adds to my ſorrow. My lord, replied

I, I

I come to bring you tidings of her, and tho' u think ſhe is dead, you ſhall this very day her alive aud in health. Ha! where did you eet with her, ſays the king?

I told him the whole ſtory, which when I had ded, he embraced me, and ſaid, for I had ma- my birth known to him: What amends can make you? Go with me to the caravanſerail; ie with impatience till I fold in my arms my vely *Malica*! He inſtantly ordered the viſier to t ready his litter, made me get into it, and we nt to the caravanſerail. Their joy was mu- l. The firſt tranſports over, the king deſired *alika* to give him an account of her adventu- ſhe let him know that ſhe had preſerved her nour from the raviſher, and had not carried gratitude ſo far as to ſully her virtue. We returned to the palace, where a grand apart- nt was allotted me, and public prayers were ered for the return of the princeſs. When thankſgiving day was over, all the nobles of iſland were ſumptuouſly feaſted at court.

After this his majeſty ſhewed me the moſt ofound reſpect, and always made me a party

in his diverſions. One day he aſked me to be his ſon-in-law, and the heir of his crown. My lord, ſaid I, did I not tell you the reaſon why I left *Cairo?* Would you diſpoſe of *Malika* to one who has no heart to give? She deſerves a better fate. How then, ſays he, ſhall I ſhew my gratitude! Your kind reception of me, is recompence enough. All that I deſire more of your majeſty, is a ſhip to convey me to *Baſra.* The ſhip was inſtantly fitted out and furniſhed with all manner of ſtores for my uſe. I took leave of the king and the princeſs; embarked, and after ſome time arrived at the deſired port; from whence I proceeded to *Cairo*, with a caravan of *Egyptian* merchants, where I found great changes at court.

My father was dead, and my brother on the throne, who at firſt received me with affection, telling me at the ſame time, that the king, before he died, miſſing the picture and the ring, ſuſpected him of taking them away. I confeſſed the truth, and returned to him the latter. Notwithſtanding theſe external profeſſions of filial love, he cauſed me to be confined on the day of my arrival; and the very ſame night ſent an officer

cer to kill me, who had more mercy than his maſter; told me his errand, and ſaid: My prince, the priſon doors are open. Fly this moment, take advantage of the night, and ſtop not till you find a place of ſafety. I made all poſſible ſpeed out of my brothers's dominions, and was ſo happy, my lord, as to arrive in your's, where I met with the wiſhed *Aſylum*.

A Continuation of the Hiſtory of BEDREDDIN LOLO, *and his* SORROWFUL VISIER.

When the prince had finiſhed his ſtory, he, addreſſing himſelf to the king of *Damaſcus*, ſaid: I now leave it to your majeſty to judge if I am perfectly happy; while my head is fuller than ever of *Bedi al Jemal*. *Bedreddin* the king, having no notion of being ſo paſſionately in love with a picture, aſked his favourite to let him ſee this prodigy. The monarch admired it, owned ſhe was a charming princeſs, and ſaid, I wonder not at *Solomon's* paſſion for her; but your love is merely chimerical. Sir, ſays the viſier, your majeſty may ſee by this prince's ſtory, that all men have their troubles. I am not of your opinion, replied the king. I am fully ſatisfied there

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are ſome who know no care, and whoſe peace is not diſturbed. Go, ſays he to *Seufel Malouch*, look among the tradeſmen and artificers, and bring me him who ſeems to be moſt lively and mirthful.

The prince obeyed, and after a few hours returned. Well, ſays the monarch, have you done as I ordered? Yes, replied the favourite, I ſaw a number of artificers ſinging at their work, who all ſeemed contented with their ſtation in life; but among the reſt a young weaver, named *Maleck*, who was laughing among his neighbours. Friend, ſaid I, you ſeem very gay. It is my humour, replied he, I hate melancholy. I bid him follow me, my lord; and he is waiting in the antichamber. Bring him in, ſays the king. He was a handſom fellow, and when entered, fell at his majeſty's feet. Riſe ſays the monarch, and tell me if you are as really contented with your condition as you appear to be. It is a matter I greatly long to know, and require you to inform me without reſerve. Great king, replied *Maleck*, the world is deceived in me; for notwithſtanding my ſongs and laughter, I am of all men the moſt miſerable. You provoke my curio-

oſity, ſays the king, I command you to give me our hiſtory.

The adventures of MALECK, *with the Princeſs* SCHIRINE.

MY father was a wealthy merchant of *Surat*, who left me a plentiful fortune, the greateſt part of which I ſoon made away with, and when the remainder was near waſted, a ſtranger one day came to dine with me, who ſaid he was going to the iſle of *Serendib*; which occaſioned the company to talk of the pleaſure and uſefulneſs of traveling. Some gave an account of their voyages, and the curious things they had ſeen, which cauſed in me a deſire to viſit foreign nations. If, ſaid I, it were poſſible to travel over the world without danger, I would not ſtay one day in *Surat*; this ſpeech of mine made all my guſts laugh; at which the ſtranger ſaid: My lord *Maleck*, if the fear of meeting with robbers only keeps you at home, I will tell you how to travel ſafely from one country to another. I thought he bantered me; but after dinner he called me aſide, and told me he would come the next day and ſhew me ſomething very ſingular; but it is work that will take up three

three or four days to complete. Send for a joiner, and let him bring with him ſome planks immediately.

The joiner ſoon came, and the ſtranger order'd him to make a cheſt ſix feet long and four broad, while himſelf prepared ſcrews, ſprings, *&c.* and the third day they perfected the work. He cover'd the cheſt with *Perſian* tapeſtry, and had it carried into the country. I accompanied him. We muſt ſtay here by ourſelves, ſaid he. Send away your ſlaves. I did ſo. He then got into the cheſt, which roſe up into the air, with incredible ſwiftneſs. In one moment he as out of ſight, and the next he lay at my feet. Here, ſays the ſtranger, is an eaſy way of traveling. I give it you; and if you deſire to viſit foreign countries, you may with great eaſe and ſafety. Do not think, continued he, there is any conjuration in it. I am maſter of mechanics, and can make machines much more ſurprizing.

I gaue him a purſe of ſequins for it; then ſaid: Teach me, ſir, how to put this cheſt in motion. He went into it with me, touched one of the ſprings, and we flew up in an inſtant. He then taught me how

how to guide it, saying, turn this screw you go to the right, that carries you to the left. Touch this spring, you mount, touch that, you descend, I made the trial, and went faster, slower, higher and lower, as I pleased. After we had taken several caracols in the air, we turned towards my house, and alighted in the garden. I then caused the chest to be locked up in my apartment, and the stranger left me.

Now I continued spending till all was gone; then borrowed, and run myself over head and ears in debt, lost my credit, and my creditors pressed me for their money. Finding I could stay no longer in *Surat*, i drew my chest into the garden, put into it my provisions, with a little money, got into it, turned one of the skrews, and was out of sight in a moment. I proceeded in my airy voyage all that day, and the night following. The next morning I found myself over a wood, and saw a large city near it. I longed to know where I was, and at length spied a peasant digging. I descended into the wood, where I concealed my machine, and went to the labourer. I asked him the name of that city. He told me it was *Gazna*, and the residence of the just and valiant king *Bahamann*.

hamann. And who lives, says I, in the palace at the end of the meadow. *Schirine*, the king's daughter, replied he, who by her horoscope is threaten'd to be betray'd by a man. To obviate this prediction, the king has built that marble palace, surrounded with ditches of water. The gates are of *China* steel, of which the king keeps the key. There is a strong guard kept before it. The king goes once a week to visit the princess, who has no company but some female slaves and a governante.

I Went directly to the city. When I drew near, I beheld several horsemen richly caparisoned. In the middle of whom was a tall man, with a crown on his head, and in a vest covered with diamonds. He was the king, as they told me, going to visit his daughter.

When I had viewed the town, I returned to my chest, eat some of my provisions, and spent the night in the wood. I had but little sleep. The princess *Schirine* ran in my head. Can *Bahamann*, thought I, be afraid of a ridiculous prediction? If the princess is to fall in love with a man why may it not be with me? After I had, in this man-

manner, expoſtulated with myſelf for ſome time, I reſolved to try my fortune. I accordingly flew up into the air, and ſteered the cheſt to the palace. The night was dark, and I paſſed over the heads of the guards. I reſted on the top of the building, where I ſaw a light. There I got out of the cheſt, and crept in at the window, which was left open to air the apartment, where the princeſs lay reclined on a brocade ſofa. I kneeled down, and kiſſed her hand; at which ſhe awaked in great ſurprize, and called out to her governante. *Mahmeiker*, who lay in the next room, enter'd immediately. Here is a man, ſaid ſhe, how came he into my apartement? Are you a confederate? You know, madam, replied ſhe, the vigilance of the guards, and that there are 20 ſteel gates to be opened, before he could get into your room, of which the king your father keeps the keys. How then can you wrong me with this ſuſpicion?

While they were talking in this manner, it came into my head to paſs for *Mahomet*. Fair princeſs, ſaid I, ceaſe to wonder: I have no deſign that ought to alarm your virtue. I am *Mahomet* your great prophet, who taking pity of your confinement, am come to defend you from the effects

of perdition. Your fate will be happy, and you ſhall be my wife. Women are apt to give credit to any thing that is new and wonderful; and they believed me. After paſſing the beſt part of the night with the princeſs, I returned to the wood. In the morning I took my way to the city, where I laid out moſt part of my money in proviſions and fine cloaths, and ſpent the evening in dreſſing and perfuming myſelf. Night approaching, I got into my cheſt, and directed it to the ſame place I did before, where I enter'd the princeſs's apartement. She told me, ſhe had long expected me With impatience. But pray tell me how comes it to paſs, that you have ſo young a look; I always thought the prophet *Mahomet* was a venerable old man. He has been repreſented to me, ever ſince I was a child, in that portraiture. 'Tis right, anſwer'd I. That is the idea people ſhould have of me. When I condeſcend to viſit the faithful, I appear with a long beard and a bald pate. But I thought you would not like ſo ſuperannuated a figure, and therefore put on the form of a young lover. The governant ſaid I did well, and that when I was to play the part of a huſband, I ought to make myſelf agreeable as I could.

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I Left her before day, for fear of being diſco-
er'd, and the princeſs inſenſibly became ſo pre-
udiced in my favour, that ſhe believed all I ſaid
o her. A few days after the king of *Gazna* came
o viſit his daughter, and finding the gates faſt, he
nter'd her apartement alone. She ſeemed to re-
eive him but coldly, wich he perceving, inſiſted
o know the reaſon of it. Your majeſty, ſays ſhe,
ill be ſurprized to hear you are the father-in-law
f *Mahomet*. Are you in your right ſenſes cries
e king? What an abſurdity is this? No, no, ſo-
e traitor has ſeduced yon. This ſaid, he flung
t of the room, and ſearched all over the palace,
t in vain. He then called his viſier and confi-
nts, and aſked their advice upon this impor-
nt affair. The viſier ſpoke firſt, ſaying, the
etended mariage might poſſibly be true, tho' it
peared fabulous. That many illuſtrious houſes
quet themſelves in attributing their orgin to
vents of this nature; and that tho' he looked upon
e commerce the princeſs had with *Mahomet*, as
hing uncommon, it was by no means impoſſi-
e. All his courtiers, excepting one, agreed in
e ſame opinion; but he thought it incredible, and
viſed his majeſty to dive into the bottom of the

matter, not doubting but he would ſoon diſcover the cheat.

Tho' the king looked upon the prime viſier as a man of great penetration, he reſolved to find out the truth; but to do it prudently, he order'd all his courtiers to return, and come again the next day. As ſoon as it was night, he ſeated himſelf on a ſofa, and order'd tapers to be lighted, and placed before him on a marble table; then drew his ſabre, and laid it by him. This night, luckily for me, a flaſh of lightning broke upon *Bahamann*, and dazzled his eyes. Hereupon he went to the window, where his daughter informed him that I ſhould enter, and, obſerving the ſky was all on fire, tho' only the natural effect of ſome exhalations which inflammed the air, he really thought it foretold the deſcent of the prophet. Inſtead of being in a rage when I appeared, he trembled, dropped his ſabre, fell at my feet, and ſaid: Oh great prophet! how have I behaved to have the honour of being your ſon-in-law? I, taking the avantage of his humility, ſaid: Oh king! of all the muſſelmen princes you are the moſt zealous in my ſervice, and conſequently the man I choſe to honour. It was written on the table of fate, that *Schirine* ſhould be

duced by a man. To take off that misfortune, ſolicited the moſt High to reverſe her deſtiny; which he conſented to for my ſake, on condition he became one of my wives.

The weak prince believed all I ſaid, and fell t my feet a ſecond time. I raiſed him as before: nd the good man, inſtantly retired, leaving me nd the princeſs alone. I ſtaid with her ſome ours, but left her before day-light.

Early the next day the viſier and the courtiers me to the palace, and aſked his majeſty, if he as ſatisfied in the matter. Yes, ſays he, I have onverſed with the great prophet, and am convin-ed he is my daughter's hauſband. The incredu-ous courtier now became the jeſt of council; but ill perſiſted in his obſtinacy.

The ſame day, as they were all going to the ity with the king, it rained, thunder'd in an un-ommon manner, and the unbelieving courtier's orſe threw him in a fright. He broke his leg y the fall. Ah wretch! ſays the king, you would ot believe me; but ſee the prophet has puniſhed our infidelity. I went that day to the city, whe-e I was told this ſtory. Publick rejoycings were

alſo there made, and nothing heard but acclamations of, long live *Babamann*, father-in-law of *Mahomet*.

When it was dark, I conveyed myſelf to the palace, and informed the princeſs of all that had happened to the courtier; adding, I did not think fit to carry my vengeance farther; but I ſwear by my tomb at *Medina*, that if any one ſhould hereafter doubt of your happineſs, he ſhall certainly die. Next day the king came to viſit *Schirin* and deſired her to intercede with the prophet for a perſon who had juſtly called down his wrath. My lord, replies the princeſs, *Mahomet* has informed me of the whole affair, and has ſworn to exterminate all thoſe who make any doubt of our marriage. This confirmed the faith of *Babamann*, and he turning to his viſier and courtiers, ſaid: Can any now queſtion whether *Mahomet* is my ſon-in-law?

All the miniſtres were now ſatisfied, and fell on their faces before the princeſs, imploring her meditation for the wounded courtier.

I had now eat up all my proviſions, and ſpent all my money. To relieve my wants I thought

f another expedient. My princeſs, ſaid I one ight to her, we have forgot one formality in our narriage. You have given me no dower; that omiſſion gives me uneaſineſs. My dear ſpouſe, aid ſhe, I will mention it to the king to-morrow, nd he will give you all his riches. No, no, ſaid there is no occaſion to ſpeak to him; I covet ot wealth. A few jewels are ſufficient. I took nly two diamonds, and ſold them the next day o a jeweller in *Gazna*.

I Had paſſed for *Mahomet* about a month, and ed a moſt agreeable life with my fair princeſs, hen an ambaſſador arrived to demand her in marriage. The king told him, ſhe was already diſpoed of to the prophet *Mahomet*. The ambaſſador y this anſwer took *Babaman* for a madman, nd departed to his maſter who imputed his refual to a ſlight; he reſented it, and raiſed an army, nd marched againſt the kingdom of *Gazna*. This ing's name was *Cacem*; a prince very powerful, nd an over-match for his neighbour. *Babaman* vas entrenched in the plain before *Schirine's* paace, where he reſolved to attack him the next ay. In this dangerous ſituation he ſummoned a ouncil, where the courtier who had been woun-

ded ſpoke to him thus: If your majeſty will implore the aſſiſtance of your ſon-in-law, he will confound your enemies. Tho' this was ſaid only in deriſion, yet it inſpried the king with freſh courage. He immediately went to his daughter, ſaying: Uſe all your intereſt with *Mahomet* to engage in our defence. He will not forſake us. No, no, father, he ſees from heaven where the enemy lies, and perhaps, is this moment putting them into terror and diſorder.

All the day before I had obſerved the motion and diſpoſition of *Cacem*'s army, particularly that quarter where he lay. I then filled up my chest with great and ſmall ſtones, and in the middle of the night, I roſe into the air, and guided my chest towards *Cacem*'s tent. The ſoldiers were all aſleep, which afforded me an opportunity of deſcending to one of the windows. I ſaw the king reclining his head on a ſattin pillow. I raiſed myſelf half out of the machine, and flung a ſtone at him, which wounded him in the forehead. He cried out; his guards came in, and were amazed on ſeeing the blood running down all over his face. While the traitor was ſearched for, I roſe into the air, and poured down all my ſtones on and about the

the royal tent. I then fetched more, and wounded the ſoldiers, who cried: It rains ſtones. A ſudden fear ran thro' the camp, and both officers and ſoldiers thought the prophet had engaged in the cauſe of *Babaman*. In ſhort *Cacem* fled, and the whole army abandoned their tents and equipage, crying: we are undone, *Mahomet* is againſt us.

Babama was aſtoniſhed, when he perceived in the morning, that the enemy, inſtead of attacking him, retired with precipitation. He purſued them, and made a great ſlaughter, took *Cacem* priſoner, who died of his wounds the next day. All the booty was given among the ſoldiers, who returned loaden with great riches. Prayers were put up in all the moſques for this unexpected deliverance. At night the king went to viſit his daughter. My child, ſays he, I am come to return the prophet thanks for his ſuccour. He ſoon had the ſatisfaction deſired. He threw himſelf at my feet, kiſſed the ground, and cried out: Oh great prophet! I am ſenſible of your favour. I raiſed him, and ſaid: Prince, did you think I ſhould not come to your relief, to which you were driven for my ſake? *Cacem*'s pride is fallen. Fear henceforth no potentate upon earth.

Soon after the body of king *Cacem* was interred with great pomp. Then *Babama* ordered publick rejoycings to be made in the city for the marriage of *Schirine* with *Mahomet*. I thought it neceſſary on this occaſion to work a miracle. I bought ſome white pitch, and made fireworks of that and cotton. While the citizens of *Gazna* were rejoycing in the ſtreets, I flew up very high, and lighted them, and they had a good effect on the ſpectators. Next morning I went into the city, to hear the conjectures of the people. Some ſaid it was *Mahomet*, who ſignilized himſelf in the feſtival; others affirmed they ſaw the prophet amidſt the meteors, with a white beard, and a venerable air. Theſe notions gave me great pleaſure; but alas! while I was thus indulging my future expectations, a ſpark of the firework kindled in my cheſt, and in my abſence conſumed it to aſhes.

I could find no remedy for the evil: I therefore reſolved to ſeek my fortune elſewhere. Thus left *Babaman* and *Schirine*, and departed I know not where. Four days after I met a caravan of merchants going to Cairo, where I ſafely arrived, and put myſelf to a weaver; with whom I lived

ſeveral years, then came to *Damaſcus*, and followed the buſineſs. This employment of mine, which being more painful than profitable, makes me unhappy.

A Continuation of the Hiſtory of BEDREDDIN, *and his* VISIER.

WHEN the weaver had finiſhed his ſtory, the king of *Damaſcus* diſmiſſed him. Then he ſaid to his viſier and favourite, this man ſeems to be no happier than you but yet I will not believ there is no perſon in the world that enjoys a perfect felicity. Go, viſier, ſaid he, to all my officers and courtiers; I will examine them apart, and know whether any ſecret ſorrow diſturbs the comfort of their lives. He had the patience to talk to them every one; but found none exempt from trouble. One complained of a bad wife; another of undutiful children; ſome of not being rich; others for want of health. In ſhort, he found all of them had ſomething to occaſion their inquietude. Your majeſty ſeeks in vain, ſaid the viſier, there is no contented man upon earth. I am not of that opinion, replied the king; and I have a ſudden thought come into my head, which will

will decide the matter in diſpute. Order a proclamation to be read in all parts of the city to-morrow, importing, that all thoſe who have nothing to cauſe their diſquiet, ſhould appear before my throne in three days. The time was elapſed, and not a ſoul came to court on that account.

The king was much ſurprized, that in ſo rich and populous a city as *Damaſcus*, there ſhould not be one happy man. Then turning to *Atalmule*, added, if my kingdom was at peace, I would range over the whole globe with you, to convince you of this error. Soon after a general peace was concluded, when the king ſet out, reſolving never to ſee *Damaſcus* till he had met with a contented perſon. Having intruſted the government of his kingdom to a vifier, he accompanied with *Atalmule*, *Syfel Mulouk*, and ſome ſlaves, took the way towards *Bagdad*, where they lodged at a Caravanſerail. They paſſed for three jewellers of *Cairo*. Here *Bedreddin* one day met with a calender preaching to a crowd of people in the ſtreet. He liſten'd to him a while, and heard him ſay: My brethren, are you mad to take ſo much pains to hoard up riches, of which the enjoyment is ſo precarious and troubleſome!

leſome! the fear of loſing them makes your life miſerable; and you envy my poverty, who, in the midſt of want, enjoy a perfect happineſs. The king overjoy'd, turning to *Atalmule*, ſaid: This calender is happy; we need travel no further. Sir, replied he, we muſt talk to him by himſelf; 'tis very probable he does not ſpeak as he thinks in publick; but if in private diſcurſe he aſſurus us he is contented, I will own myſelf in an error.

When the calender had done talking, the audience gather'd him ſome money, and he went off. They followed, and aſked him whether he would be merry with them. The calender accepted of their invitation. He carried them to a little houſe, where two other calenders lived, who were alſo extremely pleaſed. *Atalmule* took ſome ſequins out of his purſe, and giving them to one, bid him buy what was neceſſary for our purpoſe. He returned with proviſions, fruit, and wine. They eat and drank heartily, and the calenders were ſo merry, that *Bedreddin* thought them perfectly happy, and aſked *Atalmule*, if he would now own his error. No, no, ſir, ſaid he, not yet. My lords, ſays one of them, what is

it

it you ſay? Here, ſays the king to him, you ſee three jewellers; one of my brethren maintains, there is not a contented man in the world: I am of the contrary opinion, and think you ſo? Speak the truth. My lord, replies the calender, neither I, nor my companions are happy. The heart of man is not capable of content. The enjoyment of one deſire creates another, and our ſenſual appetites are never ſatisfied.

The king now began to imagine he was miſtaken. However, he reſolved to ſpend the reſt of the day at a *Fiquaa* ſhop. Here they met with two perſons of conſequence, talking of the cares of human life We muſt not hope, ſaid one of them, to be happy here. I know but one, among all the ſons of *Adam*, who leads a happy life. Ha! ſays *Atalmule*, who is that? The prince of *Aſtracan*, replied the perſon, he, by way of excellence, is called the *King without ſorrow*,

The next day they ſet out with a caravan of merchants, and arrived ſafe at *Aſtracan*, where reigned king *Hormoz*. *Bedreddin* reſolved to introduce himſelf into his preſence, and diſcover the ſecrets of his heart. They repaired to the palace,

palace, croſſing a large courtyard full of ſoldiers. In the firſt hall were ſlaves of both ſexes, in gallant dreſſes, a dancing. In the next were ſingers and muſicians. Having here ſatisfied their curioſity, they paſſed into a third hall, in which they ſaw 20 or 30 perſons ſitting at a long table ſpread with all ſorts of proviſions. It was an entertainment made for the greateſt lords of the court. We eaſily diſtinguiſhed the king from his nobles. He held the ſeat of honour, and on his head was a crown of gold, adorned with topazes and rubies. He was about 30 years old, handſome, well ſhaped, and looked with a gay air.

When they returned to the caravanſerail, the king of *Damaſcus* ſaid to his viſier: We have now met with a happy man and a prince. His favourite was of the ſame mind. Ay, ay, ſaid *Atalmule*, people are ignorant of the arts of diſſimulation, which are practiſed in courts. I ſhall ſuſpend my judgment. Who knows but he has a thorn in his ſide, and enjoys his diverſions at a dear rate. The next day each of them took a box of diamonds, and returned to the palace. They deſired to have audience of the king, ſaying, they were three jewellers, who travelled from court

court to court to ſell their precious ſtones. *Hormoz* order'd them in. They ſhewed him their jewels. He admired one of them exceedingly, which was as big as a pigeon's egg. Whence came this? ſays he. *Atalmule*, who had been a jeweller, ſaid, Sir, it was found in the iſland of *Serendib*. Will your majeſty pleaſe to accept of it? *Hormoz* received it with joy, and aſſigned them a magnificent apartment in the palace. He made them partners in all his diverſions. All the nobles of *Circaſſia* were, by turns, invited to ſee them. But the king of *Damaſcus*, and his companions, were more intent upon examining the actions and countenance of their hoſt, than on their entertainment They could ſee nothing which ſhewed the leaſt uneaſineſs; whereupon *Bedreddin* ſaid to his favourite and viſier, if we may depend upon conjecture, this prince is happy. But how is it poſſible we ſhould enter into his thoughts. The only way to get this ſecret from him, ſir, ſays *Atalmule* is to tell your name, and why you came to his court

Accordingly they all three went to wait on *Hormoz*, and demanded a private conference, in which they deſired leave to retire from his court.

In

n ſhort, my lord, ſays *Bedreddin*, tho' we paſs ere for jewellers, I am the king of *Damaſcus*; ne of theſe men is my viſier, and the other my vourite. The king of *Aſtracan* was ſurprized this; but when *Bedreddin* told him why he ft *Damaſcus*, *Hormoz* burſt into laughter. I ink you are happy, replies *Bedreddin*, pray open our heart to me. Since you aſk me ſo ſeriouſly, I muſt ſay that I am of your viſier's mind. Notwithſtanding that I am called the *king without orrow*, I am the moſt wretched prince alive.

The king of *Damaſcus*, aſtoniſhed at this eech, inſiſted to know the cauſe of his grief, hich *Hormoz* promiſed to diſcover.

The Hiſtory of HORMOZ, *King of* ASTRACAN, *ſurnamed*, The King without Sorrow.

One night, when every thing in the palace was iet, the king ſent an eunuch to conduct his eſts into the women's apartment. Then taing *Bedreddin* by the hand, he led him thro' vo chambers to the door of the third, bidding m look in. He did ſo, and beheld on a ſofa, a

young lady of exquiſite beauty. She had a ſmi
ling countenance, and was liſtening attentivel
to an old female ſlave. That lovely princeſ
ſays *Hormoz*, is the cauſe of all my uneaſineſ
Does ſhe not love you? ſays *Bedreddin*. Is he
indifference———No, no, ſays the king of *Aſtr*
can, 'tis not that i complain of, ſhe loves me, a
much as I do her. How then, replies the kin
of *Damaſcus*, can ſhe occaſion your ſorrow? Yo
ſhall ſee, rejoined he, ſtay you there at the door, an
obſerve what paſſes. This ſaid, he entered the cham
ber, and as ſoon as he approached the princeſ
(unheard of prodigy!) ſhe loſs'd her beauty, turn
ed pale, and ſeemed like a dead corps; and
Hormoz came back, in proportion to his diſtanc
from her, ſhe recovered life and complexion, l
ke the ſun iſſuing from a cloud, That, ſays *Ho*
moz, is my queen. Can you think I am the hap
py man you look after?

Five years ago, I ſet out on my travels, wi
a numerous retinue from *Aſtracan*, and came
laſt to *Otrar*. I paid largely for the honou
I received every where. Amongſt the *Circaſſi*
nobles, that accompanied me, *Huſſeyn* was a
pointed my governor. I one day told him at *Otra*
th

that I was weary of travelling a prince. Private men, added I, have more pleaſure. I chuſe to hear people talk, and to ſee their actions.

My governor applauded the project. Come, my prince ſaid he, leave your retinue here. We need no more than two horſes, and we will take the road to the city of *Carizme*. We lodged at an inn, and were taken for private travellers. The next day we viewed the buildings, ſtreets, moſques, *&c.* but were particularly amuſed with the ſtructure of a palace, which to us appeared very ſingular. It was a large piece of ground, ſurrounded with a low wall, in which were ſeveral high narrow towers at equal diſtances.

We entered, where we heard the ſound of human voices. We took it for a receptacle for madmen, and heard things which confirmed us in our conjecture, for one of theſe delirious people was repeating *Arabic* verſes in praiſe of his miſtreſs. A *Carizmenian* overheard, us, and ſaid: You muſt be ſtrangers here indeed, if you do not know that all thoſe young men loſt their ſenſes, by only looking at our ſultan's daughter.

This princeſs plays ſometimes in the mall, without a veil; but woe to them, who ſtay to gaze upon her! Some fall into deſpair; ſome languiſh and pine away; and others run mad; the latter of whom are locked up in thoſe towers. See there, ſaid I to my governor, thoſe I believe are freſh inſtances of madneſs! Even ſo, replied the *Carizmenian*. Hearing theſe words, I puſhed forwards. *Huſſeyn*, ſeeing me in a hurry, aſked where I was going ſo faſt. I am going, replied I, to ſee the princeſs of *Carizme* playing at the mall. While the *Carizmenian* entertained us with his talk, I cried out to *Huſſeyn*: See more recent inſtances of madneſs tending this way and puſhed forward. He followed conjuring me by the great prophet, not to expoſe myſelf to the danger of her looks. Lay aſide your ridiculous fears, ſaid I, however amazing be the rumour of her charms, I ſhall view her with ſafety. My governor ſigh'd, but made me no anſwer. Soon after we heard the herald, crying in the ſtreets as follows; "*By the ſultan's order, I give notice to the „people, that the princeſs* Rezia Beghum *plays this „day in the mall; be it known, therefore, that „whatever evil befal any man that gazes upon her, „it is to be imputed to his own imprudence.*"

When

When we came near the mall, we ſaw nothing but old men, and even they kept a proper diſtance. I went boldly on, notwithſtanding their compaſſionate endeavours to make me retire. But alas! it was my ill fortune to come too late. She had done playing, and put on her veil before we approached her, ſo that I could diſcern nothing but her ſtature.

I then addreſſed myſelf to *Huſſeyn*, ſaying; How unfortunate was I not to come ſooner. The very next time ſhe plays, I am determined to ſee her, tho' ſhe were more dangerous than you can imagine. The next day a proclamation was read, importing that the princeſs would not exerciſe herſelf any more in public. This much eaſed my governor, but cauſed me much affliction. However, I determined to gratify my curioſity, and run over a thouſand expedients. At length I took a quantity of jewels, and went in ſearch of the ſultan's gardener. I found him, and put into his hand a purſe with 500 ſequins of gold: but when he was informed of my requeſt, he returned them ſomewhat rudely, ſaying: audacious youth! conſider the danger to which you expoſe me as well as yourſelf. This anſ-

wer did not in the leaſt diſhearten me. O my father, rejoined I, and put the purſe into his hand a ſecond time, let me ſee her, or I ſhall die with grief. His wife now began to take pity of me, and became my advocate. I then preſented him with ſome diamonds, which brought him over to my intereſt. I took a liking to you, ſaid he, at firſt ſight, and have thought of an expedient to ſatisfy your deſire, without any danger to either of us.

I approved of the ſcheme, and ſuffered myſelf to be transformed into the gardener's boy. He put my hair under a bladder, and diſguiſed me in ſuch a manner, as a lady of the moſt warm conſtitution might look upon without the leaſt concern. *Huſſeyn* impatient to know what was become of me, came to the gardener's and catched me in this pickle. I laughed at his ſurprize, which excited mirth in him. There is nothing now to be done, ſaid the gardener, but to take him into the garden. You, ſir, I ſuppoſe are his brother; go home, and I will let you know how he ſucceeds. Soon after he took me into the garden, and put a ſpade into my hand. The eunuchs came to us,

and

and ſeeing me ſo frightful a figure, ſaid to him: You do well to employ ſuch objects as this. In the evening, my maſter thinking me weary, took me to the edge of a marble baſon, where we found a ſkinn ſpread upon the graſs, covered with all ſorts of proviſions, a pitcher of wine, and a lute. When we had eat and drank, the old man grew gay, took up the lute, and played. I commended him againſt my judgement. He then put the inſtrument into my hand, and I played one of the fineſt airs in *Abdelmoumen*. The grand viſer happened to be in the garden, and drawn by the melody of the lute, accompanied by my voice, approached us in ſilence. When I had done, he came up to us, and I roſe to go away. Stay, ſays he, and inform me who you are? I knew not what anſwer to make, which the gardener perceiving, ſaid: he is my ſervant, my lord, and well ſkilled in gardening. The viſier ordered me to ſing and play again, and ſeemed highly pleaſed with my performance, ſaying: the ſultan had not ſuch a hand and voice among all his muſicians; adding, if it was not for his ſore head, I would have made his fortune immediately.

He inſtantly left us, and on the morrow told the ſultan, he had a treaſure in the garden; who anſwered: I will go this day and ſee it. Let my muſicians prepare a conſort for me there, and ſet out a table with all kind of proviſions. As ſoon as the ſultan and his company were ſeated, I was ordered to come before them. My loins were girt with white linen, and I carried in my hand a baſket of flowers, which I ſet down at the ſultan's feet, and retired with the utmoſt reſpect. He caſt his eye upon me, and ſaid: Away; begone, thou loathſome wretch! My old maſter anſwered: My lord, he is my ſervant, and underſtands the myſtery of gardening extremely well. The ſultan believed what he ſaid, and aſked if that was the boy, who play'd ſo well upon the lute.

Several buffoons were preſent, who imagined the ſultan ſaid this, only to make game of me; one took me by the hand, and deſired me to dance with him, hoping I ſhould perform in ſo awkard a manner, as he would have the honour of diverting the aſſembly. I inſtantly ſeized him with a fortitude of mind, and managed him ſo roughly, that the laughter

was

was on my ſide; after which, I let him ſee that I could excel him in dancing. All the company agreed that I danced with a better grace, and heaped praiſes upon me. When I had danced ſome time, I took the gardener's lute, and ſung and play'd to the admiration of all the auditors. Afterwards they gave me a harp, a viol, and a flute, which I touched ſo well that the ſultan was aſtoniſhed. He immediately called for a purſe, in which were ten thouſand ſequins of gold; I opened it, and diſtributed the pieces among the muſicians. At this action they ſeemed all amazed, and ſaid: this young man has a great ſoul, what pity it is, he ſhould be afflicted thus in his head. The ſultan aſked me why I did not keep the gold. I anſwered, I want not riches. Pleaſed with my conduct, I gained the applauſe of the whole aſſembly a ſecond time.

The third day after I engaged in work, I ſeated myſelf under a roſe-buſh to reſt, and play'd upon the lute for my own amuſement. On a ſudden there came to me a lady veiled, who ſaid: Throw aſide thy inſtrument, and go gather ſome flowers for the ſultan's daughter. Why is this not done? Are you the gardener's

boy? I bow'd with reverence, and ſaid, I was ignorant of the princeſs's coming, and that I was as cautious of cauſing her diſpleaſure, as I was too of expoſing my own infirmity and diſeaſe. Becauſe your head is a little out of order, ſays ſhe laughing, you are afraid of being ſeen. Come, come, go with me, we all know your diſtemper, and ſhall be pleaſed to ſee you. Haſte then, and bring your baſket; *Rezia*, whoſe governeſs I am, will receive you favourably. I ran to the old gardener, gather'd a baſket of flowers, and followed the lady, who conducted me to a ſtately edifice raiſed in the middle of the garden, where the princeſs was ſeated upon a throne of gold, encompaſſed by 40 ſlaves, all young and beautiful. The princeſs appear'd like the ſun among the ſtars, on whom I gazed with amazement. My diſorder was viſible to them all, and occaſioned a general laughter. I was, indeed, thunder-ſtruck, and had almoſt loſt my reaſon, when the governeſs came to me, and ſaid: You ſtand motionleſs like a ſtatue. Advance, and preſent your flowers. I went up to the throne, placed my baſket on the loweſt ſtep, and proſtrated myſelf before the princeſs. She bid me riſe, that ſhe might take a full view of

me.

me. The ſlaves ſkreiked out on ſeeing my cap, and afterwards burſt into laughter.

The princeſs now order'd a lute to be given me, ſaying: Surely thou knoweſt not how to ſing or play to ſuch perfection as is reported of thee by my father. I inſtantly tuned the inſtrument, and ſung a *Perſian* ſong in the *Uzzal* meaſure, ſetting forth my paſſion and deſpair. Then a ſlave took from me the lute, and gave me a tabor; afterwards the harp, viol and flute, on all which I performed to their ſatisfaction, and received their compliments. *Rezia* now called for caſtinets, and commanded me to dance. All the ſlaves renewed their commendations, but the princeſs remained ſpeechleſs for a while; then breaking ſilence, deſcended from the throne, crying out: *What pity it is that he ſhould be diſeaſed!* and retired.

I went directly to the gardeners houſe, where I found my governor. Well, ſir, ſaid I, I have ſeen *Rezia*, and muſt confeſs I deſerve a place in one of the towers; and tho' *Huſſeyn* and the gardener endeavour'd to alter my reſolution, I determined to continue my diſguiſe.

But

But the ſucceeding day, finding myſelf inclined to reſt, I ſat down on the brink of a canal, where I was informed the princeſs uſed to bathe. Here, as in a mirror, I beheld my frightful form, and pulled off my ugly cap. While I was putting it on again, *Rezia's* governeſs approached me, and ſaid: Deteſtible wretch as thou art, my miſtreſs deſires to hear thee play, and ſee thee dance again. Be in this very place when it is dark. Tranſported with the meſſage, I ran to the gardener, to inform him that he ſhould not be uneaſy at my abſence; then returned to the place appointed, where, at the cloſe of day, an eunuch came to me, and carried me into the ſeraglio.

The princeſs lay upon a ſofa, her ſlaves on a carpet before her, who on my entrance ſaid: Here is the gardener's boy, who entertained us ſo well yeſterday. She inſtantly order'd a lute to be given me. I play'd and ſung as before. Then performed ſeveral dances with great activity, which threw the bladder off my head; at which *Rezia* ſeemed greatly diſpleaſed, ſaying: I took thee for a lad of no conſequence. Hope not thy diverſion will excuſe thy inſolence. A

whole

whole poſſe of eunuchs immediately ruſhed in upon me, ſeized me, and confined me till morning, then carried me before the Sultan, who commanded me and the gardener to be delivered into the hands of the executioners. At this juncture the king of *Gazna* enraged at the ſultan's refuſal of his daughter to him, whom he had demanded 10 months ago had enter'd into an alliance with the prince of *Candahar*, and having paſſed the *Oxus*, were on their march between *Samarcande* and *Bocara*.

In this dangerous ſituation he aſked the advice of the grand viſier, who was of opinion, that all the ſtanding forces ſhould march to oppoſe them; that the moſques ſhould be ſet open day and night, and prayers be offered without ceaſing; that the poor ſhould receive alms, and the priſoners be releaſed. To all which the ſultan agreed. By this means did I eſcape death, and returned to the inn, where I found *Huſſeyn*, who had given me over for loſt. He, ſurprized and overjoy'd to ſee me again, begged with tears in his eyes, that I would leave that fatal city. I at length yielded to his entreaties, and cried, adieu *Rezia!* May the rigour of your heart call reaſon to my aſſiſtance, and wear you out of my remembrance.

I had

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I had

I had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when the gardener came to inform me that he was turned out of his buſineſs. As it was for my ſake, ſaid I, go along with me: I will provide for you. I thank you, ſir, replies he, I was born in *Zagathy*, and will die in the ſame place where I drew my firſt breath. What I have ſaved in my employment, with your preſents, will make my days happy enough. I gave him more gold and jewels, and he departed well ſatisfied.

I left *Carizme* that very day, and took the road for *Otrar*, where I joined my retinue, ſtaid a week, and ſet out for *Aſtrakan*. On the road we met a courier, who told me my father was very ill, and deſired to ſee me before he departed. Upon this intelligence I made all the haſte I could; but when I came to the palace, found my father juſt expiring. Oh my ſon, ſaid he, are you returned? I have nothing more to aſk of heaven: I die content, and then gave up the ghoſt.

When I had performed the funeral honours due to my royal progenitor, and aſcended the throne of *Circaſſia*, amidſt the acclamations of the moſt loving ſubjects, I ſoon perceived that I hat not for-

forgotten *Rezia*. Hereupon I told *Huſſeyn* my grievance, and ſent him to *Carizme* to demand the princes in marriage, not doubting his ready compliance, if I would aſſiſt him againſt his enemies. At length *Huſſeyn* returned, and reported to me, that the ſultan received him kindly, but that I muſt quit all hopes of enjoying *Rezia*, becauſe ſhe is promiſed to the king of *Gazna*.

This anſwer deſtroyed my quiet, I complained of my deſtiny, and almoſt loſt the uſe of my reaſon. *Huſſeyn* immagining that a new beauty might diſplace the image of *Rezia*, filled my ſeraglio with the moſt beautiful ſlaves in the kingdoms of *Aſia*.

While *Huſſeyn* was thus employed, my grand viſier came to tell me, that there were lately erected very magnificent baths before the gates of *Aſtracan*, and no man could give any acount of the builder. I ſent for the maſter, who was about fifty, and ſaid: Great philoſopher, I have a requeſt to make to you; how comes it to paſs that you are able to build ſuch ſtately baths? I, have, ſaid he, 40 workmen in my ſervice, who are all maſters in their art, by whoſe aſſiſtance I can, in leſs than a day, raiſe baths much more

ſurprizing. But they are all dumb, tho' they can comprehend your meaning by the ſmalleſt ſigns or motions. If it pleaſes Majeſty, to give your commands, they ſhall immediately be obeyed; but then every ſoul muſt withdraw.

My courtiers ſoon retired, and I deſired the maſter aud his ſlaves to make me a bath in the hall where we were talking. They inſtantly fell to work, and it was finiſhed in the ſpace of a few hours. There where 12 pillars of green marble, finely poliſhed, and ſeveral fountains ſpouting out water into a white marble baſon. Amazed at this performance, I aſked the philoſopher how it was done? That relation, ſir, ſaid he, will be too tedious. Suffice it to acquaint you, that I am maſter of 39 ſciences. I then aſked his name, and of what country he was. He replied, my name is *Avicene*, and I will relate to you my hiſtory.

The Hiſtory of AVICENE.

A town of little note called *Aſhana* gave me birth; and I was ſent to the univerſity of *Bocara* while yet an infant. At ten years of age

age I could ſolve any problem in *Euclid*; after which I ſtudied mathematicks, theology, phyſick, and phyloſophy. When I arrived to 20 years, my name was well known from the frontiers of *Gihon* to the mouth of the *Indus*. My father and I one day ſet out for *Samarcande*: I went to the court, and met ſeveral perſons who had heard great talk of me. At length the grand viſier was told I was in town, and, ſending for me, deſired I would live with him. I conſented, and he did nothing without my advice. He ſoon after died, and I ſucceded him; which office I executed for ſome time with honour and reputation. But out of my thirſt after knowledge, I aſked his majeſty to permit me to reſign, and quit the affairs of ſtate; to which he conſented with great reluctance. I had no intention to leave the court, ſo I gave my apartment to my ſucceſſor, and lodged in a private part of the palace, where I divided my time between the prince and my books. I communicated my reflections to the publick as faſt as I could put them into Writing; and my works, by way of pre-eminence, are called, *The Glorious Works*.

I was now far advanced in the cabaliſtical ſcience, when an ambaſſador from *Coutbreddin* arrived at *Samarcande*. The king deſirous to know the cauſe of this embaſſy, ſoon gave him audience; but was ſurprized, when he ſaid to him: Sir, the king of *Caſchgar* my maſter talking at table one day with his courtiers, was deſirous to know, if there were any perſons now living ſo ſkilled as *Hippocrates*, and ſo wiſe as *Socrates*; when a courtier replied, there were two famous philoſophers at *Samarcande*, whoſe merit was equal to the greateſt among the ancients; that the name of the one was *Avicene*, and of the other *Fazel*; and, ſir, he conjures you to ſend them to him. The king of *Samarcande* immediately ordered us to come before him, and told us it was his opinion, we ought to comply with king *Coutbreddin's* requeſt. Not willing to diſoblige our Sovereign, we conſented to go, and he having cloathed the ambaſſador with a gold veſt, ſent him away with aſſurances that we ſhould ſet out without delay. We travelled together for ſome days, and till *Facel* died on the road. I buried him in the mountain of *Boſom*, and divided amongſt all his ſlaves the money which the king had given us for their maintenance

tenance during our ſtay at *Caſchgar*, ſaying, go where you pleaſe.

After this loſs, I began to grow ſick of my intended journey, and reſolved to range over the world. I took the road to *Cogende*, and after ſeveral days arrived at *Carizme*. As I was walkiug thro' the ſtreets to take a view of this great city, I obſerved a public crier amidſt a crowd of people, who cried every quarter of an hour: *O! you who love the ſciences, know that to-morrow is the day to go into the cavern.* I followed him, deſiring to be informed of this place. He took me to be of ſome religious order, and ſaid: O holy man! near the gates of this city, towards the *Caſpian* ſea, lies the red mountain; at the foot of which is a cavern, which has four doors that open at the beginning of every year. In it there is a prodigious number of books, of theſe every one takes what he pleaſes to peruſe. They make all poſſible ſpeed to get out whith them, becauſe the doors ſhut again in forty five minutes; and he who ſtays beyond the time is ſure to be ſtarved, unleſs he can live without proviſions till the next year. But, in ſhort, added he, all the ſecrets of nature are laid

open in one or other of these volumes; and whoever carries any books off, must bring them back they year following, or suffer torture; and sometimes death.

Thus instructed, I entered next morning among the curious, resolving to stay there after the rest, and run the risk of whatever should happen. I impatiently waited for the coming day when on a sudden the doors flew open of themselves with a terrible noise. Every one rushed in immediately; and I among the rest; they all made haste out again excepting me. The doors shut, and I was left alone in the cavern. Men, less knowing than I, would have been terrified in these regions of darkness; but I had not the least dread upon me. I ordered the spirits who had the care of this subterraneous library to take notice of my commands; to bring me light, and to have the cavern well illuminated for the future.

They instantly obeyed, and then I applied myself to the reading of several books which treated of the occult sciences, and which not one of the learned could understand. I call'd for

pens,

pens, ink, and paper, which I was readily furniſhed with, and copied ſome paſſages. The ſpirits alſo brought me proviſions, and the choiceſt wines of *Chiras*, ſo that I paſſed my time here very agreably.

The beginning of the following year the doors burſt open as uſual, and I took the opportunity to get out; but as my hair and beard had not been cut off for twelve months, I made a frightful figure. See there the ſorcerer *Monk*, cried they, he delights in nothing but miſchief; let us ſeize him and carry him before the *Cady;* they did ſo, and he bid them repair to the place of execution, while I, added he, go to inform the ſultan of all that has paſſed. He haſtened thither himſelf in a litter, and bid me follow. As ſoon as the ſultan caſt his eyes upon me, he condemned me to be burnt. The people all brought wood, and I was faſtened to the pile in an inſtant; but as ſoon as the fire was put to it, I repeated ſome words, and my bonds fell off. Then I took a piece of wood from the pile, gave it the form of a triumphal car, and mounting up into the air, hung over their heads, and ſpoke thus to the ſultan: "Unjuſt

"prince, to condemn me for a ſorcerer, who am "only a ſage, and can do greater wonders than "thee." I then diſappeared.

I have travelled ten years ſince this adventure, and at laſt came to *Aſtracan*, where I determined to make my name famous. I went one night ſome diſtance from the city to a coppice, where I cut forty twigs of the ſame length, and by the virtue of ſome words, gave them life. Theſe, ſir, are my forty boys, who built the baths at the gates of this metropolis.

The concluſion of the Hiſtory of King HORMOZ.

When *Avicene* had finiſhed his ſtory, I ſaid to him, Oh: what a happineſs it is to have ſo great a ſage for my friend! I verily believe, ſhould you command one of your boys to bring hither the beautiful *Rezia*, princeſs of *Carizme*, he would even execute thoſe orders, and inſtantly tranſport her to my palace. Yes, certainly, replies *Avicene*, if you deſire it. If I deſire it, an-

anſwer'd I with tranſport! You, ſir, ſhall be ſoon ſatisfied then, ſaid he. I long to be revenged of the ſultan for his ill uſage of me. He then beckoned one of his 40 boys, whiſpered in his ear, and bid him begone. He inſtantly vaniſhed, and a few hours after returned with *Rezia*. I caſt my eyes upon her, and my heart bore witneſs of my love; but was ſtill afraid it was ſome phantom. Behold, ſaid he, the beauties of *Rezia*. Believe your own eyes, and examine her. Upon this aſſurance I hung upon her knees, and ſaid: Ah! princeſs, I deſpaired of ever ſeeing thee again. In me you behold the young man, who appeared before you diſguiſed in the ſeraglio; you cannot forget, how I was forced out of your apartment, and condemned to an infamous death. She was at firſt amazed to find herſelf in a ſtrange place; but ſoon recollecting me, ſaid: at any other time I could not have pardoned this violence, but as my preſent affairs ſtand, I forgive it.

After the king of *Gazna*, in conjunction with the king of *Candabar*, had defeated my father's army, they advanced to the gates of *Carizme*, the ſultan in this diſtreſs ſent one of his viſiers

to them, who concluded a treaty of peace, wherein it was firſt ſtipulated, that I ſhould be put into the poſſeſſion of the king of *Gazna*, to whom I had a mortal averſion. The day being fixed for my departure, the king of *Candahar* laid claim to me. The two kings, on this occaſion, commenced foes to each other; a battle enſued, in which the latter gained the victory. The king of *Gazna* was ſlain in the combat, his army cut to pieces, and his enemy mounted the throne. Thus triumphant, he demanded me in marriage: thus powerful, my father durſt not refuſe to give me up to his ardour. I had cauſe to hate him for his publick character. The fatal day was at hand, whereon I was to be joined to a huſband whom I deteſted, when I found myſelf ſeized by a man, and in an inſtant brought hither.

It gave me no ſmall pleaſure to hear ſhe was unmarried; but with what tranſports was I raviſhed, when ſhe declared, that if I could obtain her father's conſent, ſhe would be my wife. I longed for the return of *Huſſeyn*, whom I had ſent to demand her; and told her, ſhe ought not to diſdain the crown of *Circaſſia*, which,

which, with my heart, might prove worthy her acceptance.

In the mean time I placed *Avicene* in the rank of my friends; and he was of opinion, that I overpaid him for all his ſervices. Hereupon he adviſed me to ſend an ambaſſador to the ſultan of *Carizme*, to adviſe him of his daughter's fate, to demand her, and leave the reſt to him.

But now to return to *Huſſeyn*, whom I had ſent to the court of *Carizme*. As ſoon as the ſultan was informed of the ſtrange manner in which his daughter was taken away; he, with the advice of his council, had recourſe to a famous aſtrologer, called *Schehereſtan*, who ſaid the princeſs was in my ſeraglio. Upon this, the ſultan order'd *Huſſeyn* to come before him, and, after a ſhort examination, condemned him to be beheaded. But in the very inſtant the executioner was about to give the fatal ſtroke, *Huſſeyn* was raiſed into the air by the charms of *Avicene*, to the great amazement of the ſultan and ſpectators. His ſlaves were likewiſe carried off at the ſame time.

On a ſudden *Huſſeyn* appear'd before me, and aſſured me, that the ſultan, enraged at this adventure, had engaged in an alliance with the king of *Candahar*, and they were marching to lay waſte the kingdom of *Circaſſia*. While he was giving me this information, *Avicene* came in laughing, and ſaid: leave the defence of your territories to me. He executed his commiſſion faithfully, by making uſe of but one of his ſecrets, which was to ſow diſcord among my enemies. The two princes immediately turned their arms againſt each other, and came to a battle, in which the king of *Candahar* was killed, and all his men cut to pieces.

In the mean while I and *Avicene* paſſed the *Volga* with my ſmall army, and marched againſt the ſultan, who immediately ſurrendred himſelf. I carried him to *Aſtracan*, where I ſpared no pains to mitigate his rage; and ſucceeded ſo well, that he at laſt accepted me for his ſon-in-law. Magnificent preparations were made to celebrate my nuptials; after the ſolemnization of which, he returned to his own dominions; but before his departure, he took care to make *Avicene* his friend. I was no ſoo-

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ner married, than *Rezia's* affection for me increaſed every day; when, on a ſudden, he, who was the author of our happineſs, put an end to it.

Avicene, in ſpite of his philoſophy, ſoon fell in love with the princeſs, and was ſo audacious as to declare to her his paſſion. She highly reſented it; and her huſband endeavour'd to overcome his paſſion by arguments drawn from reaſon. This uſage added to his inſolence, ſo that ſhe was obliged to uſe him roughly; when he, firſt breathing upon her, mutter'd ſomething to himſelf, and vaniſhed. She inſtantly loſt her ſenſes, and has remain'd in that condition you ſaw her ever ſince.

The Continuation of the Hiſtory of BEDREDDIN LOLO, *his* Sorrowful Viſier, *and* Favourite.

Bedreddin having now ſatisfied his curioſity, took leave of king *Hormoz*, and ſet out for *Damaſcus*. The condition of *Rezia* was often the ſub-

ſubject of diſcourſe on the road. One day *Seyfel Mulouck* ſaid to the king, Tho' it muſt be confeſſed, my lord, that the princeſs of *Aſtracan* is a perfect beauty; yet we all three looked on her without loſing any of our ſenſes. My head was full of *Bedy al Jemal*: *Atalmule's* mind was poſſeſſed with the thoughts of *Zelica*; but what ſurprizes me moſt, is the king our maſter's indifference; tho' he is not prepoſſeſſed in favour of any lady.

You are in an error, ſays *Bedreddin*, to think I was never in love. To tell you the truth, I am as much in love as you; and it is no princeſs that reigns in my heart, but a woman of an ordinary rank.

The Hiſtory of FAIR AROUYA.

Not many years ago, there lived at *Damaſcus* a conſiderable merchant that had a young wife, who may very well be compared to the princeſs of *Aſtracan*. Her huſband's name was *Banou*, a man of gaiety and expence, who valued himſelf for his liberality. When he had waſted

his

his fortune, he applied to his friends and creditors for ſupplies; but the former refuſed to aſſiſt him, and the latter denied their debts. *Banou* laid this uſage ſo much to heart, that it cauſed him a fit of ſickneſs. During his illneſs he remember'd that he had formerly lent 1000 ſequins of gold to doctor *Daniſchmonde*, and ſent his wife to demand them. When ſhe came to the doctor's, ſhe was led into the *Alfakih's* apartment; where lifting up her veil, ſhe ſaid; I am the wife of *Banou*, and my huſband deſires you to ſend him the 1000 ſequins he lent you. The doctor, ſmitten with her beauty, anſwer'd, I will give you them, and as many more, if you will comply with my deſires. Your huſband is too old to deſerve your affection; then came up to embrace her. Hold, inſolent, ſaid ſhe; I would not ſtain my virtue for all the riches in *Egypt*. On this repulſe he replied in a rage: I owe *Banou* nothing. If the old fool has ruined himſelf by his extravagance, does he imagine I am to ſet him up again? This ſaid, he turned her out of doors. She went home in tears, and told *Banou* what paſſed, who bid her go to the *Cady* and complain of the doctor's treachery.

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The *Cady* was naturally amorous, and led her into his cloſet, where having ſeated her on a ſofa, he made her lift up her veil. She here told him her ſtory, and he promiſed to do her huſband juſtice, adding: Give me, my fair one, what thou refuſeſt the doctor, and I will preſent thee with 4000 ſequins. Here *Arouya* burſt again into tears, and ſaid: o heavens! is there no virtue in man? Thoſe, whoſe duty it is to puniſh criminals, are guilty of greater vices! The *Cady*, unable to gain his ends, aſſured her, he would do her no ſervice.

The next day *Banou* ſent her to the governor of *Damaſcus*, whom he had truſted with large ſums, and who was, even then, in his debt. But he was as much inflamed with the beauty of this young woman as the doctor and the *Cady*. When he was made ſenſible of her errand, he promiſed to make the doctor repay the money he borrowed of her huſband, provided ſhe would that moment retaliate the obligation in ſuch a manner as he ſhould require; but ſhe was no more diſpoſed to ſatisfy the governor than the reſt; ſo returned from him very diſconſolate. At this news the old merchant fell into

into deſpair. She comforted him, ſaying: I have thought of an expedient how to ſatiate our revenge upon the Governor, the *Cady*, and the *Alfakib*; but would not tell him her deſign. However, he conſented to leave it to her management.

Arouya then went to a box-maker and bought three cheſts, each of which would eaſily hold a man, and cauſed them to be carried home and put into her cloſet. She then dreſſed herſelf in her richeſt attire, and went to the *Alfakib*, ſaying: Signior, I am come once again to deſire you to pay my huſband the money you borrowed of him. If you do it for love of me, depend upon my gratitude. Fair lady, rejoins the doctor, you ſhall have 2000 ſequins on the condition I promiſed them. Bring the money then ſaid ſhe to my houſe this night exactly at ten o'clock, and I will introduce you to my apartment. The doctor was overjoyed at this aſſignation, and embraced her. Then ſhe went to act the ſame part with the *Cady*; and ſaid to him, I have not had a moment's reſt ſince I left you. I remembered it was my fault that I had you not for a lover. I now repent of my obſtina-

ſtinacy. At theſe words the *Cady* was tranſported, and ſaid: where ſhall we meet? Come to my houſe, replied ſhe, at eleven in the evening, alone. Fear not any diſturbance from my huſband, he is old, and worn out with infirmities. The *Cady* alſo promiſed to come at the time appointed.

Nobody now remained but the governor, whom ſhe determined to catch in the ſame trap. She had the addreſs to make him believe all ſhe ſaid: and it was at length agreed that he ſhould come at midnight. This done, ſhe ordered an apartment to be put in nice order, and ſpread a table with fruits and ſweetmeats to treat her lovers. The firſt that came was the doctor, whom an old ſlave conducted to her miſtreſs. As ſoon as he looked at her, he cried out: O thou *Phœnix* of the age! and threw a purſe, in which were 2000 ſequins, on the table. She then taking him by the hand, ſmiling, deſired him to ſit down on a ſofa; then calling her old ſlave, bid her help to undreſs her lover. She pulled off his cloaths, left him in his veſt, and bare headed. In the midſt of his joy a great noiſe was heard in the houſe. She bid *Dalla*, the

the old ſlave to go and ſee what was the matter, who ſoon returned full of grief, ſaying: Ah madam, we are undone! your brother is juſt come. Ah me! ſays the miſtreſs, how ſhall I hide my ſhame? Why are you ſo diſquieted, replies the old ſlave; put the doctor into one of the cheſts your huſband bought to carry goods in to *Cairo*. The doctor approved her advice, and *Arouya* locked him up, ſaying: we ſhall ſpend the night more agreeably together for this ſhort interruption. He full of the ſweet deluſion, lay comfortably in the coffer, not doubting the lady's ſincerity.

At eleven o'clock they again heard a great knocking at the door. *Dalla* ran, and aſk'd who was there? The *Cady* replied: ſpeak ſoftly, for fear of waking *Banou*. My miſtreſs, replied ſhe, has a love for you, and ordered me to introduce you into her apartment. The judge was all on fire at this promiſing proſpect. The old ſlave led him to her miſtreſs. Oh! my queen, ſays he, there is no happineſs comparable to mine. I am no longer my own maſter. I cannot, replied ſhe, delay your paſſion. Undreſs yourſelf this moment. Get into that bed, while

my huſband is laid aſleep. I'll return inſtantly. *Arouya* came back in a fright, and fell a weeping, playing her part ſo artfully, that the *Cady* really believed her huſband was coming. I am not in the leaſt afraid of his menaces, rejoins the judge. You are ſafe from all chaſtiſement, while under my protection. I know that, ſaid ſhe, but pleaſe, ſir, to conſider, I ſhall hereby loſe my character, who am looked upon as a pattern for all diſcreet wives. At theſe words ſhe burſt out into tears.

While ſhe was thus bemoaning her hard fate, *Dalla* entered, and ſaid: I have juſt thought of a way to eaſe you of your pain. What's that ſays che *Cady?* You, my lord, replied ſhe, need only put yourſelf into a cheſt that is in my lady's cloſet. I'm very ſure my maſter will not look for you there. With all my heart, ſays the judge, if your lady thinks proper. She approved of the thought, and locked him up, promiſing to ſet him at liberty as ſoon as her huſband and relations had viſited her apartment.

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There now only remained the governor to be trapanned. He came at midnight, and *Dalla* introduced him as ſhe had the others. *Arouya* received him in the ſame manner. Soon after a great knocking was heard at the door. The old ſlave came running into the chamber in great confuſion, crying out: Here is the *Cady*. He is juſt gone into your huſband's apartment. *Arouya* bid her liſten to what he ſaid, and bring her an account of it. She returned ſometime after, and declared from what ſhe could learn, that the judge came to examine her, in the preſence of the doctor who accompanied him, about the 1000 ſequins. Hereupon ſhe fell a crying, and added: I beſeech you, my lord, to hide yourſelf. I conjure you to prevent my ſhame. Go into my cloſet, and ſuffer me to lock you up in a cheſt for a moment. So the governor was trapped. Then *Arouya* locking the cloſet door, went to inform her huſband what ſhe had done. This made them both merry; but how, ſays *Banou* do you think to get off this adventure. You ſhall know to-morrow, replies ſhe.

The next day ſhe came to my palace, and into the hall where I was giving audience to

the people. I took notice of her noble air and beauty, and bid her draw near me. She puſhed thro' the croud, and fell at my feet. Riſe, ſaid I, and tell me your buſineſs. She replied: Oh mighty monarch! I am the wife of *Banou*, a merchant, who has the honour of being one of your majeſty's ſubjects, and lives in this capital. Then related to me the doctor's knavery; the *Cady*'s injuſtice, and the governor's propoſal to ſeduce her. I thought it a ſtory invented to do them ill offices with me, and not willing to believe her, ſaid in ſurprize: Where are your witneſſes? At home, ſir, replied ſhe, if you pleaſe to ſend for them, you will not ſuſpect my veracity.

I immediately diſpatched a party of my guards to *Banou*'s houſe, and he delivered to them the three cheſts, which they brought into the hall. Here ſir, ſays *Arouya*, are my evidences; then pulling three keys out of her pocket, opened them, and produced her three lovers almoſt naked in open court. All the ſpectators burſt into laughter, nor could I refrain; but ſoon reſuming an air of gravity; I firſt reprimanded them; then condemned the doctor to pay *Banou*

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4000 ſequins of gold, and turned the *Cady* and Governor out of their places. After this I bid the young woman lift up her veil. The emotion ſhe was in on account of being expoſed to the whole court added to her charms, and I never ſaw any thing more beautiful. I was ſtruck with amazement, and cried out in a kind of tranſport: Thy three lovers are not ſo blameable as I imagined. The hall reſounded with her praiſes, and every one thought *Banou*, notwithſtandig his circumſtances, the happieſt man living.

In ſhort, her image was always before me; not a moment paſſed in which ſhe was abſent from my thoughts. Finding I could have no peace of mind without her, I ſent for *Banou*, and told him I was paſſionately in love with his wife; that I would load him with riches, and give him the faireſt ſlave in my ſeraglio, if he would make a ſacrifice of his wife to me. Great monarch, replied he, Wealth is no temptation to me, if I muſt purchaſe it with the loſs of *Arouya!* Yet ſuch is my love for her, that I will prefer her happineſs to my own. I will give her an account of our converſation, and if ſhe

approves of your majeſty's offers, I will inſtantly put her away.

Banou was as good as his word; but ſhe burſt into tears, and replied: Can you imagine that I am charmed with the love of a king? No, no, I had rather live with thee in a Cottage, than with the greateſt prince in a palace. What ſhall we do then, ſays the huſband? How ſhall I defend you againſt ſo formidable a rival? Inſtead of returning to the king, replies *Arouya*, let us take what money we have, with the beſt of our goods, and leave *Damaſcus* as ſoon as poſſible. They left the city that very evening, and made the road for *Cairo*, as *Dalla*, who refuſed to go with them, afterwards informed me. Her beauty and virtue are ſo fixed in my heart, that for above 20 years paſt I have been inſenſible to the charms of women.

Bedreddin had ſcarcely finiſhed his ſtory, when they were diverted with the ſight of a number of camels and horſes grazing in a meadow. They made towards them, and perceiving a magnificent tent, in which were men eating and carouzing, they obſerved among them one taller than

than the reſt, very richly attired. He ſat croſs-legged on a floor-cloth of fine tapeſtry, and had ſeveral golden diſhes before him full of various kinds of meat. He was a venerable perſon, about 50 years of age, attended by 20 or 30 officers; one of whom, ſpying the king of *Damaſcus* and his companions, came up, aſked who we were, and whither bound? The king anſwer'd: we are three jewellers, who come from the court of *Circaſſia*, and are going to *Bagdad*. Pray tell us who your maſter is? My lord, replied the officer, he is called *Aboulfouaris*, or, *The Great Voyager*, and values himſelf for his magnanimity. He commonly reſides at *Baſra*, where he has built a marble palace. This ſaid, the officer returned to his maſter, who no ſooner ſaw the three ſtrangers, than he roſe and went to receive them. He introduced them into his tent, and deſired them to ſit down, and eat and drink with him. The entertainment being over, *Aboulfouaris*'s ſlaves loaded the camels, folded up his tents, and proceeded on his journey, we three accompanying him. On the road, he inſenſibly conceived a friendſhip for us his fellow-travellers. We got him into a vein of talking, and he told us his adventures, which

are ſo extraordinary, that no one would believe them, was he not remarkably known to be a hater of lies.

The Adventures of ABOULFOUARIS, *ſurnamed*: THE GREAT VOYAGER.

VOYAGE I.

My father was a merchant of *Baſra*, who carried on a great trade to the coaſt of *India*, and took me, e're I was 12 years old, along with him. In leſs than 10 years after, I became the richeſt merchant in that city. One day he ſaid to me: Son, I have an accompt to ſettle with one of my correſpondents at *Serendib*, and intend to ſend you thither. I was unwilling to part from him; but at the ſame time had a deſire to ſee that city and iſland. We had the good fortune to arrive there ſafe; here I firſt enquired out my father's factor. He was well known in the city, and one of the wealthieſt merchants in the iſland. He received me with great reſpect, and took me to his houſe. He was an honeſt man, and I finiſhed my buſineſs in

in leſs than ſix wecks; then prepared to ſet ſail with the firſt fair wind. As I was coming home, the very evening before I deſigned to embark, a lady richly dreſſed, and well ſhaped, paſſed by, attended by a ſlave, who carried her luggage. I was ſtruck with her princely air and mein, and cried out in tranſport: What lovely creature is this! She heard, turned about, and looked at me; but remained ſilent. I was afraid, I had offended her, and began to feel what I never felt before; when the ſlave came up to me, and ſaid: my lord, I have orders to conduct you to my miſtreſs's apartment.

Tho' I was to embark the next morning, I followed him, leaving every thing to the venture. He led me thro' ſeveral narrow ſtreets to a palace, and carried me into a ſpacious room, magnificently furniſhed, where he deſired me to ſtay till he came. While my thoughts were full of the lady, there came in ſeveral others, all exceeding beautiful; but not one like her whom I expected. At laſt ſhe enter'd unveil'd, came forward, and ſeated herſelf by me on a ſofa. Her women ranged themſelves on both ſides. Come hither, young man, ſays ſhe, I muſt

let you know, my ſtars incline me to do you a favour, if you devote your heart to me ſincerely, a favour I never yet granted.

Proſtrating myſelf at her feet, I cried, Ah ſultana! to what high dignity do you deſign to advance a ſtranger? Tell me, replies ſhe, of what country you are? Of what quality, and what brought you hither? I readily ſatisfied her curioſity, and added, that I deſigned to return home on the morrow; and tho' there were objects enough in this fine city to captivate the eyes of a ſtranger, nothing but her beauty was capable of detaining me. Then, replied ſhe ſmiling, you now will not depart ſo haſtily. After this treatment, madam, ſaid I, how ſhould I have any will but your's. Such ſentiments, rejoins ſhe, muſt endear you to me, and I repent not of my choice. She then bid me ſit down by her on a ſofa, and told me her name was *Canzade*, the only daughter of the king of *Serendib*'s grand viſier; that by the death of her father ſhe was poſſeſſed of an immenſe treaſure, which it would be my fault not to divide with her.

While we were engaged in this diſcourſe, tables were ſpread with variety of diſhes, and delicate wines were preſented. During the collation, ſhe entertained me with gaiety and wit. She often drank a little to me, while I greedily ſucked in the poiſon of love. Supper being over, the ladies women entertained us with ſongs and muſick. When they had done, ſhe called for a cup of wine, and looking upon me with tenderneſs, ſung herſelf to the following purpoſe: "*Wine, by its ſoft heat, diſpoſes the heart* "*of a lady to mingle flames with her lover.*"

When I was about to depart, ſhe cried, with an air of affliction; Will you leave me? I then told her how civilly I had been uſed by *Habib* my father's factor; that it would be cruel not to eaſe his pain for my ſtaying out all night; but that I would return in leſs than an hour. She fearing, my wiſe hoſt ſhould detain me, would only ſuffer me to write to him what ſhe dictated; which was as follows: "An affair of "importance obliges me to put off my depar- "ture, and will detain me for ſome days. Be "under no anxiety about me." *&c.*

When

When ſhe had ſhewn me all over the palace, and it was time to go to reſt, ſlaves were order'd to put me to bed. I knew not what to think of this affair, but was divided between hope and fear, and could get little ſleep all night. When the ſun aroſe, the rich furniture of the room dazzled my eyes. I got up. The ſlaves hearing me, enter'd with ſplendid apparel. I choſe a robe of green ſilk embroider'd with gold. I was ſcarce dreſſed, when *Canzade* came in and enquired how I ſlept? I told her that I had ſpent the night in ſuch a manner, as became an impatient lover. She replied, I will be aſſured of your ſincerity before I engage in a treaty on which my happineſs or miſery depends. I ſtaid with her eight days, and was treated like a king.

One day, as we walked in the garden, *Aboulfouaris*, ſays ſhe, I flatter myſelf you love me. Give me your heart with your hand, and let us be joined together in wedlock. This ſpeech of her's put me into great diſorder. I knew ſhe was of the ſect of the *Guebres*, and I a *Mahometan*. The lady gueſſed the cauſe of my confuſion by my looks, and ſaid: I rather expected tranſports of joy, than this ſhocking conſternation.

tion. I replied, my fair one, there is an unsurmountable obstacle, which prevents my happiness. My religion forbids me to marry a woman who is not of the faith of *Mahomet*. I expect then, rejoins she, that you worship the sun and the fire; that you abjure your own tenets, and profess mine. My silence gave her fresh provocation. She wept bitterly, and loaded me with reproaches. At length she grew more moderate, and said: I hope your mind will alter. I give you eight days to consider of it; and if you do not then comply with my desire, expect the highest resentment of an injured woman.

The time was now elapsed, and I was to know my fate. I had just dressed myself, when six of *Ganzade*'s slaves conducted a band of strangers into my room, the chief of whom bid me follow him. I asked, whither I was to go; one of them answer'd, we are forbidden to tell you. They led me to the port, and put me on board a ship. Here the master told me, he was bound to *Golconda*, and that *Canzade* had given me to him for a slave, and charged him never to let me return to *Bassa*. I grieved much for several days; however, at last I resolved to ser-

ve

ve my maſter faithfully. He was a good man, uſed me well, and I grew more and more in his favour.

After a long and dangerous paſſage we arrived at *Golconda*, in which capital our maſter was received like a man loved and reſpected by every body. A thouſand careſſes paſſed between him, his wife, and daughter. Then he preſented me to the ladies as a ſlave, and deſired them to accept of my ſervice. I ſoon got into their good graces, and nothing was done well but what I did. *Debaouſch*'s love for me daily increaſed, and he made a diſtinction between me and the reſt of the ſlaves. *Aboulfaouaris*, ſaid he one day, for I had told him my name, from the firſt moment I ſaw you, I took a fancy to you. You have ſeen my daughter; there is not a handſomer woman in this city. I am determined you ſhall marry her, having found ſhe likes you. My lord, ſaid I, the honour of being your ſon-in-law would be great, if you believed in *Maſhomet*; but you are a *Gentile*. My daughter ſhall this moment turn *Mahometan*, replied he, and ſo will my wife; I am weary of worſhipping calves and oxen; it is a

ſhock-

ſhocking piece of ſuperſtition. There certainly is a ſupreme being. Accept, therefore, my propoſal.

Facrinniſa, tho' very amiable, and a match very advantageous to me, was at this time engaged to a merchant's ſon in the city, who loved her to diſtraction, and had often demanded her in marriage; but on occaſion of a quarrel between the two families, was as often repulſed. Do you *Aboulfaouris* marry me, ſaid ſhe, and the next day put me away in a fit of anger; then make choice of my lover for your *Hulla*. I had no inclination to marry her. This indifference aroſe from the dear remembrance of *Canzade;* ſo I told her, that ſhe ſhould be ſatisfied; but added at the ſame time, I love my maſter, and he will reproach me with ingratitude. Leave that to me, replied ſhe, I'll promiſe to appeaſe my father's rage.

I aſſured her, that I was ready to comply with her requeſt. We were married, and a few days after I repulſated her. *Dabaouſch* came to me, and demanded the cauſe. I anſwer'd: fair *Facrinniſa* has given her heart to another, and I did

did this to prevent my poſſeſſing a woman againſt her will. He laugh'd at my delicacy, deſired me to take her again, adding: ſhe will love you by degrees. I ſeemingly conſented, and went into the town to ſeek for a *Hulla*. Her father went home better ſatisfied, while I was looking about for *Facrinniſa*'s lover, who was married to her before the *Cady*. They paſſed that night together, and he refuſed to put her away in the morning. I ran and told *Dahaouſch* of it. Let me ſee who he is, ſaid he. While we were talking the *Nayb* enter'd, and ſaid: Signior *Dahaouſch*, the *Hulla* your ſon-in-law, is the heir of merchant *Amer*, and deſires you my patron to agree to the match; adding, I will make matters up between you and his friends ſoon. Hereupon a good underſtanding was again cultivated between the two families. The merrieſt thing of all was, my patron pitied me, and gave me a ſum of money, with my liberty.

The ſame day I embarked in a veſſel bound for *Surat*, in hopes to find there another to convey me to *Baſra*; but being too much taken up with the curioſities in that city, one day

day as I was diverting myſelf in the gardens, an elderly man entered into diſcourſe with me. He ſaid he was a Gentile, had a ſhip of his own, and was wont every year to make a voyage. I told him my adventures, and put my truſt in him. Hee ſeemed troubled, ſaying: I am naturally tenderhearted. I am old, rich, and have no children; then embraced me tenderly. In ſhort, the reſult of our couverſation was, that I ſhould go home with him. The porter let us in, after which the old man made me bathe with him; then we ſat down, and eat and drank ſo plentifully, that my hoſt got very merry, and told me he had a ſecret to impart, as a proof of his affection to me. In 15 days, ſays he, I ſhall ſail from *Saouala*, to an iſland where are found very valuable pearls, and which I viſit once a year. You ſhall go with me. My late captain, whoſe favourite I was, having diſcovered theſe treaſures to me before; I promiſed to go with him, provided he would contrive to convey a letter from me to my father, to let him know I was at *Surat*.

Depending upon *Hyſoun*'s care, for that was his name, I willingly embarked, and at the end

of three weeks we made a little deſolate iſland, where we caſt anchor. *Hyſoum* commanded all the ſeamen to remain on board, and only took me on ſhore with him. We had each in our hands a lighted torch to keep off the wild beaſts, and proceeded in ſearch of the pits. We found one very deep, at the foot of a mountain, in the middle of the iſland. He let me down into it by a rope, where I found pearls of an extraordinary ſize and beauty. I filled ſeveral bags with them, which he drew up, and when he had got as many as he could carry, he cried out to me: Farewell young man! I every year bring a muſſulman like thee to ſacrifice in theſe pits. Ah! wretched *Aboulfaouris*, cried I, when will thy misfortunes end? But it was my credulity which occaſioned it, and it was not in my power to eſcape what I was predeſtinated to ſuffer. I examined the bottom of the pit, which was of vaſt extend; I advanced boldly to an opening, where I thought I heard the fall of waters from the ſea, which broke into this pit by ſubterraneous caverns. I threw myſelf into the waters, being almoſt ſuffocated before I was conveyed to the ſhore, and left near a crevice of the mountain. Here I recovered my ſenſes,

and

and returned thanks to heaven for my deliverance; then roſe and went round the iſland; at length ſpied a great ſhip ſailling near. I made a ſignal, and the boat was ordered out to take me in. You may gueſs at my tranſport, when I here found that the captain of the veſſel was a particular friend and acquaintance of my father's. I told him my adventure; and all the crew agreed to land in the iſland. We did ſo, went down into the pits by turns, and brought up abundance of fine pearls; then continued our voyage to *Serendib*, to ſell our calicoes and buy cinnamon.

The weather proved favourable to us for ſome time. At laſt a violent ſtorm aroſe, which drove us out of our courſe for ſix days. On the 8th we ſaw a mountain of vaſt extent, and very high whoſe ſides looked like glaſs. Upon this an old ſeaman cried ont: We are loſt. We are held here by a charm, and cannot keep off the ſhore. The whole crew was ſtruck with horror. For my own part, ſaid I, I am not at all frighted. Let you and I, captain, endeavour to aſcend the mountain, and there ſeek out a remedy for our misfortunes. We went on

ſhore, but it was with great difficulty we reached the top of it.

Here to our great aſtoniſhment, we ſaw a magnificent dome, on the top of which was a pillar of ſteel ſix cubits high. At the foot of it was faſtened, with chains of gold, a little drum, round which were written in, in gold letters: "If any ſhip is ſo unfortunate as to "come near this mountain, it can never get off, "till one of the ſhip's company ſtrike this drum "three times with the ſtick. At the firſt ſtroke "it will get off a little way: at the ſecond it "will loſe ſight of the mountain: at the third "it may go where it will; but the man who "ſtrikes it muſt ſtay here, and let the others "depart."

When we had read the inſcription, we went back to the ſhip, but not a ſoul on board would ſacrifice himſelf for the reſt. I offered to ſtay, on condition the captain would go directly to *Baſra*, give my father the pearls that belonged to me, and inform him what was become of me. They all ſwore to do as I required, then put me on ſhore. I climbed up the mountain, ſtruck

ſtruck the drum, and the ſhip got off. I advanced fortwards on the top of the mountain, which was about a league over. In leſs than an hour I ſpied a decrepit old man, ſitting on a ſtone at the door of a hut. I prayed him to tell me why a ſhip within ſuch a diſtance of the mountain was attracted to it? He told me they were attracted towards the mountain by the currents; but if I wanted to know the meaning of the drum, I muſt go to his brother, that was much older than he, who perhaps would give me ſome inſight into the matter. His brother could not tell me, but ſaid: My eldeſt brother, who lives but a few paces off, will inform you who is the author of the *Taliſman* on the mountain. I went on, and aſked the third old man about it, whom I thought the youngeſt. He ſaid: we are called the three brothers of the mountain; I am 100 years old, but my never having either wife or children, occaſions me to look younger than the other two. As for the *Taliſman*, continued he, all I know of it is, that I was told when a boy, it was compoſed by an *Indian* cabbaliſt. I then enquired how far I was off from any part of the iſland that was inhabited. He anſwered: Keep to the path on

the right hand, it will lead you to a good city, where there is a very fine port.

I thanked him for his information, and by his direction came to a very large city, where trade ſeemed to flouriſh, and ſaw a great number of ſhips in the port. While I ſtood ſurveying them, I was accoſted by *Habib*, my father's tutor at *Serendib*. Who could have thought, ſaid I, that we ſhould have ever met again! I then told him my adventure with *Canzade*. He told me he was bound to *Serendib*, and in twentyfour hours would make the beſt of his way thither. After an ill paſſage, we at laſt arrived at the deſired port; where I one morning went out to enquire in what condition *Canzade* was; reſolving, if poſſible, to ſee her. I did not go far before I met with one of her ſlaves, who by her order, was ſent for the captain to whom I was delivered. He ſtopped me, ſaying, he was not pleaſed with that commiſſion, and hoped, I was of the like opinion. I am, ſaid i, giving him a ring. My lord, replied the ſlave *Canzade*'s affairs are much altered within theſe two months. The king obliged her to marry an old lord of the court, who was in love with her

her. Seeing me concerned at this news, he added: It was your own fault; why did not you renounce your prophet? I do not know continued he, whether it may be proper to tell my miſtreſs that you are in town; but as your grief is ſuch, I will not deprive you of all conſolation; one of her women ſhall tell her of it; let her alſo know at the ſame time, the thoughts of loſing her diſtracts you; and that you heartily lament her being joined to a man ſhe cannot love. I agreed, and he ſwore he would do as I deſired.

A full month paſſed, without hearing a word from *Canzade*, which made me imagine I ſhould hear from her no more. This reflection cauſed me to retire to a country ſeat *Habib* had about four leagues from the city. Here I ſpent my time in viewing the country; and one day walking by a river ſide, I came near a magnificent pagod, where the remains of mortality are burnt, and the wives ſacrifice themſelves to the *Manes* of their huſbands. I obſerved at a ſmall diſtance, ſeveral gentiles employed in building a kind of hut, with combuſtible materials. I went to them and aſked what they were doing?

They anſwered: One of the chief lords of the court is dead, whoſe body is to be burnt in five or ſix hours, and his faithful wife is to be conſumed in the ſame pile.

At the time appointed for this ſhocking ſpectacle, I ſaw ſeveral perſons carried on palaquins, with ſlaves marching before them, ſome bearing banners, others ſounding trumpets, among whom was the governor of *Serendib*, mounted on an elephant, attended by twelve perſons, and ſitting under a tent, erected on the back of the elephant. About three hours after above 30000 men, women, and children, aſſembled about the cabbin. I juſtled thro' the crowd, and ſaw about a ſcore of prieſts, who fell on their knees before the victim appeared.

When it began to be dark *Canzade* approached, mounted on a white palfrey, attended by twelve women on horſeback, with gold rings and bracelets. They had pearl necklaces, diamond ear-rings, and on their heads crowns of gold. Her huſband's corps was brought to the ſide of a rivulet that ran near the pile. Here ſhe waſhed it all over, then delivered it to the prieſts,

prieſts, who laid it on a heap of ſtraw mixed with ſulphur. She then walked round it, waſhed her face and hands, embraced her women, gave them their liberty, and prepared for the ſacrifice with great intrepidity. I drew near the pile, and when ſhe lifted up the ſilver plate which covered her face; how was I ſurprized to ſee it was *Canzade*. Great God! ſaid I, can I bear this ſight! I ſaw her delivered into the hands of the prieſts, and led by them into the cabbin, who exhorted her to behave ſo as to merit future happineſs. She lighted a torch to ſet fire to the pile, and I, overwhelmed with grief inexpreſſible, returned to *Habib*'s country ſeat; to which he came that evening.

He demanded the cauſe of my melancholy. I am ſurprized, replied he, that this lady ſhould periſh for the ſake of an old lord whom ſhe did not love, when ſhe is not compelled to make him that ſacrifice. The governor, by his majeſty's orders, always examines thoſe widows who demand to be burned. He endeavours to diſſuade them from it, and will never allow them to die, but on account of their own obſtinacy; and few ſacrifice themſelves, but ſuch as are per-

ſuaded their voluntary death will procure eternal happineſs. So that *Canzade*, to have a ſtatue erected to her memory in the pagod, has been goaded on to ſuffer death without terror.

While my hoſt was talking to me in this manner, and uſing all poſſible means to divert me, a ſlave came into his houſe, and enquired for me. I knew him to be the ſame I met on my arrival at *Serendib*. He called me aſide, and ſaid: Signior, my miſtreſs valued herſelf upon her heroick virtue, and conſented to be made a ſacrifice to a perſon ſhe did not love, purely to gain the veneration of the gentiles. I am now the ſlave of another lady as beautiful as *Canzade*, who loves you more. On hearing you were departing for *Surat*, ſhe ſent me to inform you of this advantageous incident.

I am obliged to be ungrateful, ſaid I, for *Canzade*'s Image is ever before me. I can reliſh no other object. I refuſed to ſee her, imagining after this I ſhould never more be troubled with the ſlave or his lady: however, the former returned the ſame night with a billet; the purport of which was;

"Your

"Your converſation with my ſlave afforded "me more joy thau grief. It heightens the im- "patience I have to ſee you; and if you are "really taken up ſo much with the thoughts of "*Canzade*, we ſhall both be ſoon ſatisfied."

Tho' I knew not what to think of this, after a ſhort pauſe, I determined to follow the ſlave, who conducted me to a mean apartment, and bid me ſtay till he brought his lady. Imagine my condition, when I knew her to be the princeſs *Canzade*. *Aboulfaouaris*, ſaid ſhe, I did not deſign to fright you; I am in reality ſtill alive. She then told me how one of the prieſts, for a ſum of money, ſaved her from the flames. My dear princeſs, replied I, you needed not have diſſembled ſo far; there was no force put upon you. Yes, rejoined the lady; I was under a neceſſity to act that part, when my deſign was to put you in the place of my huſband, and to abjure idolatry. Ah! my queen, ſaid I, and did you do this for my ſake? Saying this, I threw myſelf at her feet: You have this moment made me the happieſt of mortals. She raiſed me, and replied: You have but little reaſon to boaſt of your felicity. *Canzade* is not ſo valuable a

pri-

prize. She is no longer in poſſeſſion of thoſe riches which ſhe offer'd you with her perſon. The prieſts ſhared a great part of them, and the governor made me pay dear for leave to burn myſelf. How cruel are you, replied I, to imagine that my love was founded upon intereſt? No, no, my charming *Canzade*, when you expoſed all your wealth to my view, I call heaven to witneſs, that my whole ſoul was fixed upon your perſon only.

After this we agreed to embark for *Baſra* as ſoon as poſſible. I took leave of my hoſt, and in the night took with me ſome faithful ſlaves, who carried her jewels on board a veſſel bound to *Surat*. Here we met with another about to ſail for *Baſra;* at which place we arrived ſafe, after a pleaſant paſſage. My father's joy to ſee me was inexpreſſible, and he received *Canzade* very favourably. The next day my father and I waited on the *Cady* with the lady, where ſhe abjured the idolatry, in which ſhe was educated. He then aſked her conſent, and we were married accordingly. The rejoycings laſted fifteen days.

Con-

Continuation of the Adventures of ABOULFOUARIS.

VOYAGE II.

I was now in poſſeſſion of my beloved *Canzade;* we enjoyed the delights of a perfect union, and prayed to heaven for the duration of our happineſs. But alas! our lives are chequer'd with joy and miſery. Soon after our marriage my father died, and divided his eſtate between me and my brother, whoſe name was *Hour.* He laid out all his fortune in the purchaſe of a ſhip and merchandize for *Malabar.* His ſhip was caſt away; and tho' he ſaved his life, he returned a beggar. I ſet him up again, but he met with the ſame fate. Hereupon I adviſed him to comfort himſelf for his loſſes, and live at eaſe with me. My time was wholly employ'd in contriving how to pleaſe *Canzade*, while my brother walked about, and diverted himſelf with his friends. We both loved expence, and in a few years my income, which was very conſiderable, became greatly impaired. I therefore enter'd into partnerſhip with a rich merchant,

and

and reſolved to go and trade to the kingdom of *Golconda*.

My partner was a very honeſt man, and we bought goods proper for *Surat*, where we intended to take in others more ſuitable for our voyage.

The day before my departure, I broke from the arms of *Canzade*, and bid my brother adieu, adding: I leave the charge of my houſe to you, and before to defend my wife againſt any ill-deſigning Perſons till my return. He boaſted much of his honour, and promiſed fidelity. We ſet ſail with a fair wind, and arrived at *Surat*, ſold our merchandize, and bought a cargo fit for the market of *Golconda*; where after ſome fatigue we arrived, and diſpoſed of our goods to advantage. My partner well-knowing the value of diamonds, we laid out moſt of our ſtock in that commodity, which he aſſured me would pay us 400 *per Cent* at *Bagdad*. After this we embarked for *Baſra*.

On our return we met with a ſtorm, which drove us on a rock at the point of a deſart iſland,

iſland, where the ſhip and all the crew periſhed, except my partner and I, who both leaped into the boat, and rowed to ſhore. The very moment we were about to land, a large crocodile ſtruck his tail againſt the boat, and daſhed it in pieces; at the ſame time ſtretching open his jaws, ſeized my partner. In the mean time I reached the ſhore, and run up into the iſland. I came firſt to a fountain, whoſe water was as white as milk, and the taſte of it more delicious than the beſt ſherbet. I then gather'd ſome herbs which grew near, and found them excellent food. From this fountain I went to a wood, which I enter'd; and, having gone about 300 paces, came to a flowery meadow, which perfumed the air with its odours. In the middle of the meadow ſtood a very high ſpreading tree, under which was a tent of brocade, and in that was a man lying upon a couch. Near him lay a dragon, holding in his mouth a box of balſam, which he frequently put to the old man's noſe. I was much terrified at this ſight, and hid myſelf in the wood, to obſerve what would become of the man. I had not waited long, before the dragon flew into the air, and was out of ſight in a moment. I then returned to

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the tent, where I found a perſon who ſeemed to be about 120 years old; yet living, tho' in a ſtate of death. I ſurvey'd him a while, then took up the gold caſket on which he leaned his hand, opened it, and took out two tables, on which was written; "*Aſef* ſon of *Barkia*, and "grand vifier of *Solomon*, is the old man that "reſts in this tent; which he raiſed, and laid "himſelf upon this couch, where he died, ha- "ving wrote theſe words, and put them into this "caſket. Let all who enter upon this iſland be "of good courage, for they muſt ſoon periſh, "if they are not proof againſt the greateſt dan- "gers. If they fear nothing, let them go to "the weſt ſide of the iſle. At the foot of the "mountain they will find an opening: let them "enter it boldly, and go forward till they come "to a meadow, at which they will be aſtoni- "ſhed. 'Tis by this alone they can obtain their "wiſhes.

Having read theſe words, I kiſſed the tables, fell on my knees, and, lifting my eyes unto heaven, cried out: Pity me, O God! let me not periſh in this diſmal place. Then marching on towards the weſt, came to the foot of a moun-

tain,

tain, where I ſaw an opening. Tho' dreadful dark, I enter'd it with good courage, and proceeded on for 20 hours all on a deſcend. I at laſt beheld the light of day, by which I was led into a meadow full of various fragrant flowers, and fine fruit-trees. Much fatigued, I lay down on the graſs, and fell aſleep. When I awoke, to my great ſurprize, I ſaw 10 or 15 black genies about me.

One of them ſaid to me: Son of *Adam*, what brought thee here? I told them all, and being ſore troubled, they conducted me to the king. Oh! *Iman*, ſaid he, what is the cauſe of your ſorrow? I told him. After a ſhort pauſe, he replied: Since you have a wife whom you love, and are thus uneaſy about her, I freely give you leave to depart; and, as a mark of my affection, will cauſe a genie to tranſport you to *Baſra*. A genie at that time paſſing by in a cloud, he aſked whither he was going; to which anſwer was made: I am going on a good errand to *Baſra*. If ſo, ſays the king's prophet, you muſt then do me a piece of ſervice. Carry this *Muſſulman* to *Baſra*, and ſet him down at his own door.

In leſs than 12 hours, he tranſported me to my own houſe. It was dark when I knocked at the door. A ſlave opened it, and, obſerving what a figure I cut, refuſed me admittance. I told him I was his maſter. Upon this he went and told my wife, who came herſelf to me, and gave a horrible ſkriek. What is the matter, ſaid I; Is it poſſible for *Aboulfaouaris* to frighten *Canzade?* Call *Hour*, continued I, let me ſpeak to my brother. He came and ſurvey'd me very ſtrictly, declaring he did not know me. My brother was handſome, ſaid he, but you are ugly. I knew I was alter'd, but was ſurprized that my wife and my brother ſhould forget my features. Have not you, ſaid I, knowledge of your once beloved huſband? when a young man coming to me ſaid: I have married *Canzade.*

I looked with indignation upon *Hour* and my wife, and cryed out: What do I hear? Has *Canzade*, ſaid I, whoſe conſtancy I really thought equal to my own, married another man? The next day we all four went to the *Cady.* My lord, ſays the young man, I was married to *Canzade* yeſterday; our marriage is not conſummated; but this man coming laſt night and pre-

pretending to be her former huſband, diſturbs our happineſs.

The *Cady* knew *Aboulfaouaris*, and ſaid, I was not like him; then turning to *Canzade*, ſaid: What do you think of it, fair lady? If I was to judge by my eye, my lord, replied ſhe, it is not he; but my ear tells me his voice is the voice of *Aboulfouaris*. Ah! judge of the *Muſſulmen*, ſaid I, be careful of deciding this affair too precipitately. If I am altered, it is by living ſo long under ground with the genies. What's that you ſay, rejoins the *Cady*, can a mortal man live under ground? Without doubt, replied I, and if you pleaſe, I will give you an account of what has befallen me. Here the young man interrupted me, ſaying: He has a romantic ſtory ready to deceive you. Hold your tongue, ſays the *Cady* to him, then turning to me, ſaid: Speak, I will hear you.

I told him the whole ſtory; after which, he ſaid: I muſt own, what this man ſays is not very probable; yet, as the affair before me is of great importance, you muſt all four go to *Aly*, the ſon-in-law of *Mahomet*, and the great

Omar commander of the faithful, will give a deciſive judgment. We all ſet out directly for *Medina*, and went to *Omar*'s palace, who conducted us to the *Raouze*, where we found *Aly* at prayers on the prophet's tomb. *Aly* aſked my name, which when he heard, he cried out in a tranſport: This man is no impoſtor. For *Mahomet*, my father-in-law, gave me notice that a man called *Aboulfouaris* would one day come hither, and inform me of wonderful things. The day is come, and I long to ſatisfy my curioſity. I then once more related my adventures; with which *Omar* and *Aly* were mightily pleaſed. Then *Omar* diſmiſſed the young man, and gave me my *Canzade*, with 200,000 ſequins of gold, 100 ſlaves, and 100 camels.

The king of *Damaſcus*, now fully convinced, there was no man in the world who had not ſomething to trouble him, ſaid: Thoſe are the happy perſons whoſe afflictions are moſt ſupportable.

The Hiſtory of NASIRADDOLE, *King of* Mouſel; ABDERRAHMANE, *a Merchant of* Bagdad, *and the* FAIR ZEINEB.

Abderrahmane was a young rich merchant of *Bagdad*, who lived like a perſon of quality. All the people of diſtinction in the city were welcome to his table, and his bounty was equal to his hoſpitality. He one day enter'd into a *Fiquaa* ſhop; and ſeeing a genteel ſtranger ſitting by himſelf, he ſat down at the ſame table. They, from this time, enter'd into a ſtrict friendſhip. The ſtranger was ſoon obliged to go to *Mouſel*. I ſhall ſoon be there myſelf, ſays *Abderrahmane*; where ſhall I find you? At the king's palace, ſays the ſtranger; there you will know who I am, and fear not a hearty welcome.

Soon after the merchant's affairs called him to *Mouſel*. The firſt thing he there ſet about, was to ſeek for his friend. He went to the king's palace, and view'd every one's face he met, to find the unknown man he loved. He

at laſt perceived him in the middle of a crowd of courtiers, and doubted not but he was the ſovereign. The monarch ſoon caſt his eyes upon him, and advanced to receive him. The young merchant fell at his feet. The king raiſed and embraced him, then led him into his cloſet; which kind reception amazed the whole court, inſomuch as the favourite nobles grew jealous of him, and their jealouſy ſoon turned to hatred.

The king careſs'd him in an extraordinary manner, and ſaid, he loved him better than any of his courtiers; adding, ſuch is the misfortune of the great, that they can never be ſure that the affection of thoſe who pretend to love them, is ſincere; but you made me a tender of your friendſhip, without the leaſt knowledge of me, and I can now boaſt that I have one friend. You ſhall reſide in my palace while you ſtay at *Mouſel*.

The merchant lived a whole year with *Naſiraddole*, when he received advice, that his affairs at *Bagdad* required his ſpeedy return; to which the king, with ſome reluctance conſented. The merchant came home, readily repaired

paired the loſſes he had ſuſtained during his abſence, and began to live at a greater expence than before. He bought new ſlaves of all nations; among the reſt was a female who was born at *Circaſſia*, about 18 years old, and one of the moſt perfect creatures that ever was ſeen; her name was *Zeineb*. *Abderrahmane* conceived a violent paſſion for her, and ſhe loved him with equal ardour.

While they were taſting the ſweets of mutual affection, the king of *Mouſel* arrived at *Bagdad*, and went directly to the young merchant's houſe, ſaying to him: I have a mind to ſee the *Calif*'s court *incog.* I love to mingle among private people, and muſt own the time I have ſpent in this manner has been the happieſt part of my life. The king boaſted that he had in his ſeraglio the handſomeſt ſlaves in all the world. The merchant's love for *Zeineb* cauſed him to oppoſe his royal gueſt, and to extol the charms of the *Circaſſian*. You are in love with her, replied the king. This ſaid, *Abderrahmane* whiſper'd an eunuch, and bid him order all his women to dreſs themſelves in their richeſt apparel, and come into the lighteſt room of his palace;

then returning, ſaid: My lord, you ſhall be judge if I am not right.

The eunuch, who was ſent on this errand, came in and told the king and his maſter, they were all together, and not one of them had forgot to ſhew her charms. The merchant inſtantly led his majeſty into a magnificent apartment, where 30 young and beautiful women were diverting themſelves, ſitting on a ſofa of roſe-colour'd ſilk. On the entrance of their maſter and his gueſt, they all roſe from their ſeats. As grand a prince as *Naſiraddole* was, he readily confeſſed he had none more beautiful. He then examined them one by one; and when *Zeineb* came before him, he ſaid with tranſport: this, I ſuppoſe, is the fair *Circaſſian!* Yes, my lord, ſayd he, did you ever ſee any think like her.

The king of *Mouſel* making no reply, the merchant preſumed he had boaſted too much of her beauty.

The next morning the young merchant waited on him, when, to his great ſurprize, he found

found him greatly diſcompoſed. Why, my lord, are you ſo penſive? ſaid he. Ah! my friend, replied the king, I will this moment depart for *Mouſel*. The young merchant preſſed him to diſcover the cauſe of his uneaſineſs, and at parting the ſecret came out. I will tell you, ſaid the king, I adore *Zeineb*; I have ſucked in the fatal poiſon, which will make my life miſerable. Let not your friendſhip upbraid me; alas! I ſhall pay for it dearly. Having ſaid this, he left the houſe, and took the road to *Mouſel*.

Ah wretch that I am! ſaid *Abderrahmane*, how imprudent was I to let him have the ſight of *Zeineb*, who is a king as ſuperior in virtue as dignity. Shall I ſtrike a ſword into his heart? No, no, my dear prince, I will yield her up to you, if I periſh for my gratitude. This ſaid, he order'd a litter to be got ready, ſent for *Zeineb*, and told her ſhe was no more his. The king of *Mouſel* my friend has a violent love for you, and I preſent him with your perſon. She burſt into tears, crying: Is it poſſible you ſhould forſake me, after having ſworn ſo often an eternal love. Ah faithleſs! ſome new charmer has taken poſſeſſion of your heart! My

ſoul melted to hear her. If ſo, ſays ſhe, I am of all my ſex the moſt miſerable. If your friendſhip is an over-match for your love, my love ſhall be an over-match for your friend, was he greater than *Solomon.* However, the officers put her into a litter with an old female ſlave; and they follow'd the king to *Mouſel.*

Zeineb no ſooner came to the palace, than one of her guards informed his majeſty of her arrival. O *Abderrahmane*, cried he, thou art a friend, indeed, who preferreſt my happineſs to thy own! He then ſent the chief of his eunuchs to receive her, and gave her one of the moſt magnificent apartments in the palace, whither he ſoon after came to viſit her, and obſerved her ſorrow.

Fair lady, ſays he, I find you are more ſenſible of the loſs of a man you love, than of the conqueſt of a king. My lord, replied *Zeineb*, I muſt conform my ſentiments to the deſtiny which brought me hither, and am proud of being introduced to ſuch a virtuous prince as you. I wiſh I could blot the thoughts of the ingrate from my memory. But ah! I dote on the

the traitor. At this ſhe broke out into a flood of tears. Ah! charming angel, replied he, deny me not the hope of flattering myſelf, that time may alter your preſent reſolution.

In the mean time *Abderrahmane* fell into a deep melancholy for the loſs of his fair ſlave. He had been in this way near three months, when on a ſudden the grand viſier ſent his officers to apprehend him, and put him into priſon. The keeper of the priſon went in the night, and told him, that his ſentence was, to have his houſe razed, and himſelf to be beheaded the next day. But, my lord, continued he, you have done me ſervice, and gratitude obliges me to make you ſome acknowledgment. Begone from this priſon, the gates are open. I thanked the keeper for his generoſity; but at the ſame time added: you hazard your own, to ſave my life. However, I went out of priſon to a friend's houſe; the next morning the grand viſier being informed of my eſcape, ſent for the keeper: Thou villain, ſays he, thou has ſuffered a traitor to eſcape; cauſe him to appear before me in 24 hours, or thou ſhalt undergo the puniſhment which for him was intended. — I

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opened the doors, replied the keeper, and am ready to expiate my crime by the death you prepared for the moſt honeſt and innocent man in *Bagdad*. What proof have you of his innocence, ſays the viſier? His own word, replied the keeper, and he is not capable of ſaying any thing that is falſe. Do you know the young merchant's accuſers? Dread the ſpilling of innocent blood.

Theſe words, which the keeper pronounced with ſome warmth, made the viſier reſolve to ſearch into the bottom of this affair; but as he had order'd the young merchant's houſe to be razed, and his effects to be confiſcated, the bait was too tempting not to order the *Cady* and his *Aſſas* to make ſtrict ſearch after him, and to order the keeper into ſtrict durance.

When they had made diligent ſearch for about a month, to no manner of purpoſe, *Abderrahmane* determined to go to *Mouſel*. His danger made him loſe no time. When he arrived there, the noiſe of it was ſpread thro' the palace, and reached the king's ear. That prince immediately whiſper'd his treaſurer to give him 200 ſequins

ſequins of gold to trade with; but to charge him not to return to the palace till the end of ſix months. The treaſurer executed his commiſſion with honour and honeſty. But the young merchant was exceedingly ſurprized, and ſaid: Have I done any thiug to offend his majeſty? Do not afflict yourſelf, replies the treaſurer, the king loves you, and has his reaſons for what is done at this juncture. Act according to his deſire, and you, perhaps, will have no cauſe to repent it. I uſed all poſſible means to improve this little ſtock; but induſtry will not always ſucceed in trade. If fortune is not the merchant's friend, all is care but little avail. Notwithſtanding all the pains I took, at the end of ſix months I wanted 50 ſequins of my principal ſtock. With the remainder I went to the treaſurer, and told him, I had ſunk one fourth of the principal. The treaſurer inſtantly told me out 50 ſequins, and ſayd: Go try your fortune once more, and come to me again ſix months hence.

Abderrahmaue could not tell what to make of this uſage; but yet reſolved to do as the king had order'd. He enter'd a ſecond time into

to trade, and at the ſix months end gained 100 ſequins; then returned to the treaſurer, telling him, that he had now better luck, having advanced his principal to 300. Well then, replied the treaſurer, I will conduct you to the king. No ſooner did that prince ſee him, but he roſe and embraced him, ſaying: Ah my dear friend, you had reaſon to expect a more agreeable reception from me. But I heard of your diſgrace, and durſt not take you into my palace till the ſtorm was blown over.

Naſiraddole, hereupon, gave the young merchant an apartment in the palace. They ſpent the firſt day in mirth and jollity. When night came on, the king ſaid: I muſt make you ſome acknowledgment for your favour in giving me the young ſlave you loved. I pretend to give you her equal, and even her who is moſt dear to me, upon condition, that you will marry her. My lord, replied the young merchant, I humbly thank your majeſty for this kind offer; but I can love no woman but *Zeineb*, and hope you will lay me under no conſtraint. As full as your heart is of *Zeineb*, replies the king, I greatly queſtion whether you can look on this per-

perſon, and not love her. All I demand is, that you will ſee and talk with her.

When *Abderrahmane* retired to his apartment, the chief of the eunuchs came to him, followed by a lady veiled, and withdrew. The young merchant prayed her to ſit down, and placed himſelf by her, ſaying: Fair lady, I am ſatisfied, that you are afraid that I am ready to accept of the king's generous offer; but be under no apprehenſion that I ſhall do you ſo much violence. I love him too well to rob him of the object which he adores; and hope you will not be offended. At this ſpeech, ſhe burſt out a laughing, lifted up her veil, and he beheld his dear *Zeineb*. Elated with joy, he claſped her in his arms, crying out: Is it you? Is it you I ſee? Ah princeſs! Why did you not diſcover yourſelf on your firſt entrance, when his majeſty was ſo good as to reſtore you into my poſſeſſion? My dear, replied ſhe, all the arts and pains he took to make me love him proving ineffectual, he detained me here only to give me to my beloved.

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They waſted that night in mutual expreſſions of approaching felicity. In the morning the king came to viſit them. They fell at his feet; he raiſed them, and ſaid: Happy lovers! Live here, and taſte the bleſſings of futurity. To engage your hearts by ſtricter ties, you ſhall this day be married; and I will not only aſſign you penſions, but alſo give you 20,000 acres of land, exempt from all taxes. What added to their happineſs was, *Abderrahmane* the ſame day received advice from *Bagdad*, that one of his accuſers, ſtung with remorſe, diſcovered the whole plot to the grand viſier, who, on his depoſition, had put his accomplice to death, pardoned thee keeper, and declared the young merchant innocent. This intelligence called him to *Bagdad*, where he waited on the viſier, who reſtored to him part of his effects, which he made a preſent of to the keeper of the priſon where he was firſt confined; then haſted back to his beloved *Zeineb*, and ſpent the remainder of his days in eaſe and tranquility.

The Hiſtory of REPSIMA.

Dukin, a merchant of *Baſra*, left off buſineſs on a ſudden, and gave himſelf up to devotion. He had an only daughter, who was educated in the fear of the moſt high, and in the practice of all moral virtues.

Repſima, for that was the daughter's name, tho' exceeding careful to hide herſelf from the ſight of man, was nevertheleſs found out in her retirement. The fame of her virtue drew to her ſeveral lovers, who demanded her in marriage. *Dukin* reflecting upon the ſmallneſs of his fortune, was willing ſhe ſhould marry ſome rich merchant; but fearing of doing violence to her inclination, would not propoſe to her a huſband: ſhe on the other hand determined not to abandon her father.

At length *Dukin* died, and after his funeral was over, the whole family adviſed her to marry a young merchant called *Temin*; which ſhe did ſoon after. She found in him all the good things which had been ſaid of him. He loved

her paſſionately. But alas! his happineſs was of ſhort duration. Tremble, ye mortals, when you are at the height of your wiſhes!

They had not been married twelve months, before he was obliged to make a voyage to *India*. He left the care of his affairs to *Revendè* his brother; and charged him to make *Repſima* chearful during his abſence. He anſwered: The ties of blood and friendſhip will not allow me to act otherwiſe. Confiding in this promiſe, *Temin* departed, and raiſed his ſinking ſpirits with the hopes of her ſecurity. But ſoon after his embarkation, *Revendè* fell violently in love with his ſiſter. She diſſuaded him from it, and repreſented to him the ill conſequences of his amour. Oh! my queen, ſaid he, our commerce ſhall be above the reach of ſcandal. Do not flatter yourſelf, replied ſhe, I would rather die in torture, than gratify your brutiſh paſſion. Is not my huſband your brother?

Ravendè finding he could not corrupt her, meditated revenge; and one night when ſhe was at prayers, ſtole to her chamber, with four witneſſes whom he had ſuborned, ſaying: Ah! wretch,

wretch, have I ſurprized thee with a man. Thou makeſt a ſhew of virtue, but committeſt the moſt infamous actions. By this artifice, his ſiſter-in-law paſſed for an adultereſs. Not contented with ſpreading this ſcandalous report, he ſummoned her before the *Cady*, with the four witneſſes. *Repſima* was, upon their evidence, condemned to be buried alive in the highway.

The victim, in purſuance of her ſentence, was conducted three leagues from the city, and buried up to her neck in the ground. She being left in the road in this ſhocking condition, an *Arabian* robber paſſed by on horſeback. Stranger, cries ſhe, whoever thou art, ſave my life, who am unjuſtly buried alive. The *Arab*, tho' a thief, was ſtruck with compaſſion, and ſaid, this charitable action may, perhaps, induce the moſt high to pardon my former villainies. He alighted, took *Repſima* out of the grave, and ſet her behind him. My lord, cries ſhe, whither are you carrying me? To my wife, replied he; who is the beſt woman in the world.

The robber came to the tents, in which lived the *Arabian* plunderers, and delivered the lady

to his wife. After *Repſima* had related her ſtory, ſhe was ſenſible of her misfortunes, and promiſed to aſſiſt her. My good lady, ſays *Repſima*, if I ſtay with you, give me a corner of your tent, where I may ſpend my time in thankſgiving to heaven for my deliverance. She inſtantly aſſign'd me a little room. But alas! my troubles were not yet at an end.

The negro who drove the cattle to field, and looked after the horſes, was ſtruck with my beauty; but being repulſed with indignation, reſolved to be revenged on me. There was a child in the cradle, of which my deliverer and his wife were very fond. One night *Calid*, that was the negroes name, cut off it's head, and laid the ſcimetar, with which he did it, under my bed. The next morning, as ſoon as the *Arab* and his wife ſaw the bloody ſpectacle, they tore their faces, and threw aſhes over their own heads. *Calid* pretending ignorance, ran in a hurry to aſk the reaſon of their ſorrow. They ſhewed him the cradle, the blood, and the dead child. He cried out: Oh deteſtible murder! adding, but the murderer, methinks, may be diſcovered by the tracks of the blood;

blood; which they followed to *Repſima*'s room, where the negro pulled out the bloody ſcimetar. Ah wretch, ſays the *Arab* to me, why haſt thou ſhed the blood of my only ſon! I remained ſilent. Strike her head off with the ſame ſcimetar, ſays the negro. I fell into a flood of tears. No, replied the *Arab*, I will firſt hear what ſhe has to offer in her own vindication. His wife, tho' inconſolable for the loſs of her ſon, could not think *Repſima* was capable of doing this wickedneſs. They both at length were of the ſame opinion, and inſtead of taking away my life, bid me quit the tent immediately, as my preſence might renew their grief.

Repſima travelled all day, and in the evening came to a great city and port: here ſhe took up her lodging at an old woman's, who was highly moved with her ſtory. The next day the old hoſteſs went with her to ſee the publick baths. In the way, they ſaw a young man with his hands tied, and a rope about his neck, leading to execution. She aſked the crime he was guilty of: was anſwer'd, he was a debtor, and it was the cuſtom of that city to hang thoſe who did not pay their creditors.

How much does he owe? ſays *Repſima*. Sixty ſequins, ſays one of the inhabitants. The creditor was called for, the money paid, and the young man was ſet at liberty. Every one longed to know who this ſtranger was. To avoid the curioſity of the inhabitants, ſhe left the city; but the young man, whom ſhe had ſaved from death, being told which way ſhe went, overtook her near a fountain, and, as a ſpecimen of his gratitude, offer'd to be her ſlave; but ſhe refuſed him.

Preſently after he made a declaration of his love; but ſhe flew into a rage, and upbraided him with inſolence; adding, begone, and do not make me repent of ſaving thy life. He made no anſwer, but proceeded on to the ſea-ſide, where he ſaw a ſhip's crew juſt coming aſhore, belonging to a merchant of *Baſra*, who were bound to *Serendib*. He told the captain he had a beautiful ſlave to ſell, not far off; and offer'd her to him for 300 ſequins. As ſoon as the captain ſaw her, he paid down the money, and gladly took her on board; but after ſome days, finding ſhe ſhewed no ſigns of love for all his favours, he loſt all patience, and reſolved to force

force her into a Complacency. As he was going to put his reſolution in practice, a ſtorm aroſe, which ſunk the ſhip. Every ſoul periſhed except *Repſima* and the captain, who were thrown on ſhore in two different places. *Repſima* was driven by the waves on the coaſt of a populous iſland, governed by a queen.

When ſhe landed, a great many of the inhabitants ſtood by the ſea-ſide, who, ſeeing her float upon the water, and come on ſhore, thought it miraculous. She told them her adventures, and implored them to give her a place of refuge. The inhabitants were ſo taken with her wit, beauty, and virtue, that they allotted her a place of retirement, which ſhe dedicated to prayer; and, at length, became their oracle.

The queen of the iſland took ſuch a liking to her, that, at her death, ſhe bequeathed to her the crown. The people applauded her choice. When ſhe aſcended the throne, ſhe applied herſelf to the affairs of government, choſe men of probity for her officers, and took care to do juſtice to all her ſubjects. The more ſhe was honour'd by mortals, the more ſhe humbled

herſelf before the Almighty. When any ſick perſon came to her, and deſired her aid, ſhe pray'd for their recovery, and heaven granted her petitions. The inhabitants could not withſtand ſo many miracles; therefore renounced the worſhip of the ſun, and embraced the religion of *Mahomet*.

She erected caravanſerails for ſtrangers, hoſpitals for the poor, and infirmaries for the ſick and lame; which latter became ſo famous, that foreigners frequently reſorted to them for relief.

One day *Repſima* being informed that there were ſix ſtrangers in a caravanſerail, all diſeaſed, who requeſted to ſpeak with her; ſhe order'd them to be brought before her throne. She was veiled. The ſtrangers proſtrated themſelves at the foot of the throne, ſhe bid them riſe, and then commanded them to tell what they demanded, and from whence they came; adding: I can do nothing for you unleſs you tell me your adventures in publick, without omitting the leaſt circumſtance. Oh princeſs! ſays one, you ſhall be obey'd.

I am

I am a merchant of *Basra*, called *Temin*, who married a young woman that had not her fellow in the world. She was beautiful, genteel, good-natur'd, and virtuous. Being obliged to make a voyage to *India*, I left her to her liberty, desiring my brother, who is this blind man, to manage and assist her in my domestick affairs. When I returned, he told me, she was found guilty of adultery, and had been buried alive; and cried to that degree, as took away his eye-sight. I come therefore, and implore your majesty's assistance. Dost thou think, replies the queen, that woman, who was buried alive, did betray thee? I cannot believe it, answer'd *Temin*, when I call to mind her virtue. But alas! the blind confidence I place in my brother, has sometimes made me question her innocence.

Then the queen said to him: I know much better than you, whether your wife was guilty or not. Come again to-morrow, and I will see if I can recover your brother. After this one of *Temin*'s company addressed himself to *Repsima*, saying: I bought a negroe slave, bred him up from a child, and he has been afflicted with

the dead palſy on one ſide for ſome years, and I have brought him hither to deſire your majeſty's prayers. The queen knowing the perſon who ſpoke to her in the negro's behalf, was the *Arab*, in whoſe tent ſhe lived, and that the black ſlave was the ſame as had made an attempt on her virtue, ſaid: I know your affair, come to-morrow; then turning to the third, ſhe aſked how he came to be dropſical. Oh great queen! replied he, I know not what to attribute it to, unleſs it be a judgment on me, for offering violence to a fair ſlave I bought of a young man ſometime ago, near the ſea ſide. At theſe words the queen looked in his face, and perceived him to be the captain to whom ſhe had been ſold. And I, ſays another ſtranger, am continually haunted with furies, for ſelling that ſame ſlave which you carried aboard. I owed my life to her, and the acknowledgment I made her for it, was to ſell her to you for a ſlave. Alas! how much greater is my guilt.

Repſima knew them all, promiſed to offer up her prayers for their recovery, and ordered them to come again on the morrow. They all

ſix

ſix returned to the caravanſerail; four of them well ſatisfied, having told her the truth; but the brother of *Temin* and the negro ſlave were very melancholy, and had rather have lived under their afflictions, than have been obliged to diſcover their treaſon and cruelty.

However, they all came before her throne the next day. Well, ſays the queen, three of you have hid nothing from me. Wo be to that man who ſpeaks not the truth! Then the negro ſlave approached her, and foreſeeing it was vain to tell a lye, confeſſed the whole truth; told what paſſed in the *Arab*'s tent, and the murder of the child. Vile traytor! ſays his maſter, I will ſever thy head from thy body this moment. No, replies the queen, you ſhall not take away his life. Since he repents of his crime, let us pray to the almighty to forgive him. She then fell on her knees at the foot of the throne, and immediately the dead part of the negro's body recovered its motion. The dropſical man, and he that was poſſeſſed with evil ſpirits alſo, were both cured, in ſight of all her courtiers. Oh *Revendè*, cried *Temin*, it is now thy turn to ſpeak. If he mixes the leaſt fal-

falſhood, in relating his ſtory, adds the queen, his puniſhment is ready. Oh great princeſs! ſays *Revendè*, I repent of betraying my brother; and proceeded to make a moving confeſſion of his villainy, without the leaſt excuſe.

Temin hereupon fell into a fit, and as ſoon as he recovered, proſtrated himſelf before the throne, and cried out: Oh my princeſs! permit me to carry this perfidious brother of mine back to *Baſra*. I will lead him to the very ſpot where my dear wife was buried, and there ſacrifice him to her *Manes*. Cure him not, his crime is too great to be forgiven.

The queen made no anſwer, weeping all the while under her veil; but at length, having wiped her eyes, thus ſpoke to *Temin*: Oh merchant of *Baſra*, I conjure thee to mitigate thy rage for my ſake. Thy brother indeed has committed a heinous offence; but he publickly confeſſes it, and reproaches himſelf with the guilt. Conſider, and as his blood runs in your veins, remit his puniſhment. *Temin* replied: Your majeſty may command me. The merchant had no ſooner told the queen he pardoned *Ravendè*,

than

than ſhe prayed to heaven to reſtore him to ſight; and he that very inſtant ſaw day.

The whole aſſembly praiſed god and her majeſty. Then ſhe ordered the ſtrangers to retire, and come again the next day. They returned at the time appointed, when the queen called *Temin*, and ſet him in a chair of gold, ſaying, Oh merchant of *Baſra!* thou haſt undergone various afflictions. Thou ſhalt marry my faireſt ſlave, and live in my court. At this *Temin* fell a weeping, and ſaid, I muſt refuſe your majeſty's propoſal; I can think of no other ſpouſe than *Repſima*, and will devote the reſidue of my life in mourning over the place where ſhe was buried alive. The queen overjoyed to find her huſband ſo faithful, lifted up her veil, and *Temin* knew his *Repſima*. The princeſs embraced him, and told her adventures to the whole court, which they heard with admiration.

The Concluſion of the Hiſtory of the Princeſs of CASMIRE.

Here *Sutlameme* left off telling ſtories, the prince *Farrukrouz* being taken ill. His father, loving him exceedingly, had recourſe to the chief prieſt of the temple of *Keſaya*, who promiſed to intercede with the idol, to reſtore his health. Next morning the king waited on the prieſt to be informed if he had procured a cure for his ſon. Yes, ſir, replied the prieſt; permit me to accompany you to the palace. Having entered the prince's room with a myſterious look, he ſaid a prayer, when *Farrukrouz*, who had been long ſpeechleſs, cried out: I am well!

Farruknaz, his ſiſter, aſtoniſhed at this miracle, reſolved to pay a viſit to the high-prieſt, but was forbid to come into the temple. The princeſs reſented this uſage, and complained of it to her father. The next morning *Togrulbey* demanded of the prieſt, the cauſe of her repulſe. My lord, replied the *Dervis*, the princeſs does not

not obey the moſt high. She looks upon men as her enemies, and is deaf to the dictates of nature: but I will do her all the good I can.

Sometime after the king went again, when the *Dervis* informed him the great *Keſaya* had condeſcended to confer with the princeſs. *Togralbey* told his daughter of it, who went to the temple next day. When the high-prieſt entered, he ſaid, Oh *Farruknaz!* You are under the power of ſatan. I prayed to great *Keſaya* to have compaſſion on you; and he promiſes to deliver you from the enemy, on condition you follow my counſel. To this ſhe agreed. Then, ſays the *Dervis*, you muſt take pity of a young prince who languiſhes for you. How can I relieve him, ſaid ſhe, if I know not who he is? It is, replied the high-prieſt, no leſs a perſon than *Farrukſchad*, prince of *Perſia*; and it is written on the table of predeſtination, that you muſt marry him. *Keſaya* commands it. She ſwore to obey him. Then ſays the high-prieſt you muſt inſtantly quit your father's court, and go with me and *Sutlumeme* this very night.

The

The king agreed. The next morning they arrived in a meadow enamelled with ſweet-ſmelling flowers; at the end of which was a garden walled round with white marble. They alighted, and ſat down on the brink of a rivulet; but obſerved the *Dervis* turn pale on a ſudden. The princeſs aſked the cauſe of his diſorder. Ah! ſais he, this beautiful place is the habitation of the witch *Mebrefza*. If ſhe ſees us, we periſh. But I will gain immortal glory, or die in the attempt. You two ſtay here, and, if I come not back in an hour, be aſſured I have failed of ſucceſs. This ſaid, he drew his ſabre, and enter'd the magician's garden.

About half an hour after, he came back to them, and ſmiling ſaid: Thanks to the Almighty, *Mebrefza* cannot hurt us. Now, look upon me no longer as the chief prieſt of the pagod of *Caſimire*; but as the confident of the prince of *Perſia*, whoſe ſtory and mine I ſhall relate.

The Hiſtory of FARRUKSCHAD *and* SYMORGUE.

Farrukſchad is the only ſon of the king of *Perſia*, and an accompliſh'd prince. Some time ago he fell ſick, and was attended by the beſt phyſicians in *Chiras*, who all ſaid, the cauſe of his diſtemper was only known to himſelf. His father not being able to get the ſecret from him, ſent for me. *Symorgue*, ſays he, I am very ſure that my ſon hides nothing from you. Engage him to let me know the cauſe of his illneſs.

I inſtantly went to his apartment. He aſked where I hid myſelf. I anſwer'd, I have been a hunting. But, my prince, added I, what is the matter with you? *Symorgue*, replies he, I can keep nothing from thee. I longed to tell it thee. It is this. "I dreamt I was in a flowe-"ry meadow, where I ſaw a fair lady, and de-"clared to her my paſſion; but ſhe flew away "with an air of diſdain, and ſaid, All men are "traitors. I alſo ſaw a hind, who had by her

"efforts releaſed a ſtag which was caught in a "net; but ſoon after ſhe falling into another, "he ungratefully abandon'd her."

This dream, my friend, diſturbs my quiet; and tho' I well know reaſon bids me drive ſuch phantoms out of my mind, yet I keep them in my memory. No, my lord, replied I, there may be ſomething extraordinary in theſe appearances. Heaven, perhaps, has preſented you with the likeneſs of the princeſs, who is to be your wife. Let me go with you round the world, my prince, in ſearch of this lovely creature.

I told the king the cauſe of his diſtemper; and let him know it would be neceſſary for him and me to travel. His majeſty agreed, and we ſet out from *Chiras* with a magnificent retinue. We travelled on to the city of *Gaznina*, where I left my prince, and departed for the kingdom of *Caſmire*, to procure him the object of his wiſhes. After many days I came into this meadow. Pleaſed with the beauty of it, I alighted, ſat down, and fell aſleep. When I awoke, I ſaw ſix white hinds, with blue ſatin

tin houſings on their backs, and gold rings on their feet. They came to me, I ſtroaked them, and obſerved they wept. Then turning my eyes to the palace, I ſaw a beautiful lady, who beckon'd me to her. The hinds endeavour'd to ſtop me from going, by biting the bottom of my garment. But my love was too hard for my prudence. I went on, and the lady looked more beautiful near, than at a diſtance. She led me into a grand apartment, and ſat down by me on a ſofa; then preſenting me with fruit, ſaid: "Raſh ſtranger, how dare you "approach the palace of *Mehrefzu*. Quit the "human form this moment, and take that of "a ſtag. Looſe thy ſpeech, but keep thy un- "derſtanding, to make thee ſenſible of thy "miſery."

I was immediately turned into a ſtag; a green ſatin houſing was put upon my back, and I was led into a large park, where there was above 200 more. In this ſituation I was inceſſantly tormented for *Farrukſchad*, whoſe deſires it was not now in my power to accompliſh.

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One day eight or ten ladies came to walk in the park; one more beautiful than the reſt looking on the ſtags, ſaid: I heartily pity theſe poor wretches! What an inhuman creature is the princeſs of *Mehrefza*. In her abſence I am reſolved to do a charitable action. Go mother, added ſhe, bring one of thoſe ſtags to me. Her governante conducted me to her miſtreſs, who order'd one of her ſlaves to gather a handful of a certain herb, which ſhe bruiſed, and gave me, ſaying: "Oh young man, reſume thy for-"mer ſhape!" Upon this I fell at the lady's feet. She aſked my name, country, *&c*, I anſwer'd all her queſtions; after which ſhe ſaid: I am the daughter of a prince. My name is *Ghulnaze*. She, who transformed you, is my elder ſiſter. Nobody but I could have deliver'd you out of her hands. I fear her reſentment. However, I will help you to make the prince your friend happy; but this cannot be done without your paſſing for a *Dervis*. Therefore follow my directions. This ſaid, ſhe went to her wardrobe, and brought me the habit of a *Dervis*, a girdle, and a little ivory box filled with ointment. Take theſe things, continued ſhe, and proceed to the city. But before you enter,

enter, rub your body with the ointment. Then tie on your magic girdle, and ſay you come in pilgrimage to *Caſmire*, to ſee the great *Keſaya*, and they will conduct you to king *Togrulbey*, who will deliver you to the high-prieſt *Abran*: he will lead you to the pagod, whoſe palace is ſurrounded with a deep ditch, which boils without fire. On each ſide of it is a platform of ſteel plates red hot. Then will *Abran* ſay, Oh phœnix of the age! how many dangers have you paſſed before you could arrive here. *Keſaya* is hid; men cannot behold him. You muſt pay your adorations here, and then return home.

You muſt reply, I would willingly ſee him. The high-prieſt will then tell you, that for ſo great an honour, you muſt croſs the boiling water, and paſs over the burning ſteel. The ointment, with which you muſt rub yourſelf, will make the water ſolid, and preſerve you from being burnt. When you come to *Keſaya*, you muſt ſerve him a whole day. Then *Abran* will adopt you for his ſon. Stay with him, and while he is aſleep, rub his body with the white powder I gave you, which will immedia-

tely kill him, and the king will make you his ſucceſſor. When you are veſted with this dignity, go to the prince of *Caſmire*, who is given over by his phyſicians, pray over him, and he ſhall be cured. No more; the reſt depends upon your management.

This, charming princeſs, adds *Symorgue*, is the artifice I uſed to cure you of the ill opinion you had of men; and to prepare your heart for the moſt lovely of all princes. *Farrucknaz* bluſhed, but forgave his impoſture. Then he took *Farruknaz* by the hand, and led her into the palace, the beauty of which cauſed her admiration. He then led her into the park, where *Ghulnaze* reſtored above 300 ſtags to their natural form.

But how was *Symorgue* and the princeſſes ſurprized to find amongſt them the prince *Farruckſchad!* My dear friend, ſays the prince of *Perſia*, have I once more found you? Yes, my lord, replied *Symorgue*, it is I; and to compleat your happineſs, I bring you the lovely princeſs of *Caſmire*. This ſaid, he conducted him to *Farruknaz*, whoſe likeneſs ſhe had ſeen in a dream;

dream; and the prince knew her to be the ſame perſon, whoſe image he had in remembrance.

While *Farrukſchad* was expreſſing the joy of his ſoul to the princeſs, *Ghulnaze* reſtored the white hinds to their natural ſhape, who all appeared to be amiable young ladies. Theſe four then departed to the court of *Gaznina*, where that king married the prince of *Perſia* to the princeſs of *Caſimire*, and adopted him for his heir. He then gave *Symorgue* to *Ghulnaze*.

Not long after the old king died, and named *Farrukſchad* his ſucceſſor. The prince of *Perſia* aſcended his throne; but being deſirous to ſee his father, returned to *Ghiras*, and left the government of *Gaznina* to *Symorgue*. The king of *Perſia* dying ſoon after, *Farrukſchad* reigned in his ſtead.

FINIS.

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